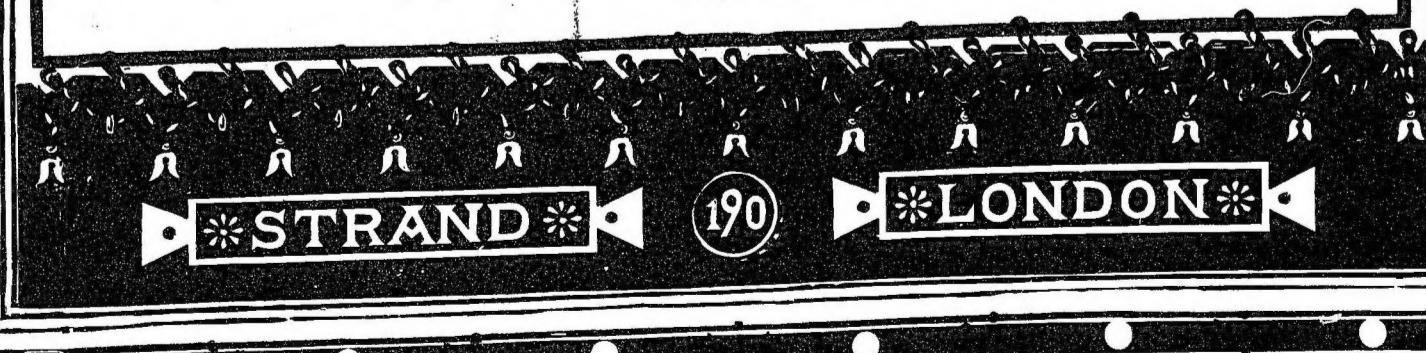


ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 793

FEB. 7, 1885

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, FEB. 7, 1885

# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 793.—VOL. XXXI.

ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
*By Post Ninepence Halfpenny*



IN THE SOUDAN—A LETTER HOME

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK

**REPORTED FALL OF KHARTOUM.**—Just as we are going to press we learn that Khartoum has been captured by the Mahdi through treachery, and that Sir Charles Wilson, having reached that place, only to find it in the hands of the enemy, returned to Mettemeh under a heavy fire from the banks of the river. It is feared that General Gordon is a prisoner.

**DUDLEY v. ROSSA.**—Celebrity and notoriety, unlike in their causes, are not very unlike in some of their consequences. The cable reports of Rossa's health are as eagerly scanned as were those referring to the late President Garfield. Garfield was a good man, Rossa is—well, not a very good man. Yet, such is the irony of fate, that while the former passed months of protracted agony, the latter seems to be going on very comfortably, despite the injury inflicted on him by his Guiteau. One cannot but recall a certain incident which befel in Paris more than ninety years ago, when a young lady from Normandy visited Marat as he reclined in a medicated bath, and, as he was eagerly scribbling down the names of some persons whom she professed to denounce to him, stabbed him to the heart. Citizen Marat, however, whatever his moral obliquity, was a man of intellect, and we ask pardon of his ghost for comparing him to such a coarse schemer as Rossa. Still, there is some likeness between the two scenes. Lucilla Dudley, according to Rossa's own depositions, gained access to him by pretending to be an especially bloodthirsty "patriotess," who "wanted people to be killed." That Lucilla Dudley is what the Americans call a "crank" seems probable from her antecedent history; but, at the same time, an intense desire for personal revenge against the concoctors of the dynamite outrages is in itself no proof of madness. Thousands of persons, who are usually of the most law-abiding character, experienced such feelings as these last Sunday week; and the knowledge that the police are so powerless to track out and catch the really heinous offenders—namely, those who plan these villainies—intensifies the thirst for vengeance. We do not commend Lucilla Dudley's deed, for all such deeds are evil; still there is a refreshing contrast between its straightforward effectiveness and the feeble efforts of diplomats to obtain the suppression or the extradition of such pests. Miss Dudley simply shot the man whom she thought most to blame. The dynamitards may take note that a very bitter feeling is being aroused in this country; and if Mr. Gladstone were to announce that in the case of every future explosion the Government, in default of catching the actual offenders, intended to hang a couple of Nationalist M.P.'s, chosen by lot, the proposal would excite surprise rather than disapproval.

**IMPERIAL FEDERATION.**—Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, Lord Reay, and other speakers, have had a good deal to say about this subject lately; but, unfortunately, none of those who have dealt with it have cared to discuss it thoroughly. Now it is time for the advocates of Imperial Federation to recognise that they can never hope to do the slightest good by merely expressing vague hopes for a closer union between England and the Colonies. They must grapple with the difficulties which stand in the way; and, above all, they must show what are the advantages that would be conferred upon our kinsfolk across the seas by the proposed federation system. It cannot be said that they would be more effectually protected than they are now, for England is pledged to defend them in the event of war, and they have perfect confidence in her ability and in her willingness to discharge her obligations. It may be said that they would have a voice in the control of British foreign policy; but this would probably turn out to be a somewhat barren honour, since England can never really resign the power of regulating her relations with her neighbours and rivals. Besides, if the colonies were called upon to bear some part of the cost of the navy, they would have to pay pretty dearly for any privileges that might be conferred on them; and there is nothing to indicate that they are ready thus to add to their burdens.

**THE NEW BISHOPS.**—Mr. Gladstone's appointments to Bishoprics have all been good, but the credit of this belongs in a large measure to the Crown. It is no secret that the Prime Minister has only a consulting voice in Episcopal nominations, and this is as it should be, for the Sees are better filled when a controlling power is exercised over Ministers who might otherwise bestow episcopal patronage as a mere reward for party service. But we are very far from the days when Pitt, wishing to make his old tutor, Prettyman, Archbishop of Canterbury, was foiled by George III., riding off in the night to call upon his favourite Manners-Sutton, whom he raised to the Primacy by word of mouth. Nowadays the only result of conflicting views in high places is that every sect in the Church gets a fair share of representation on the Bench. Dr. Temple, after having been the bugbear of all ecclesiastical parties, happens by a curious freak of fortune to be the one Bishop whom all Churchmen are now ready to acclaim. Those who only know of his talent by hearsay should read his last year's Bampton Lectures, which have just been published in a volume under the title of "Science and Religion." Canon King, the new Bishop of Lincoln, will be popular with a different set of Churchmen from those who, last year, rejoiced over the

appointment of Canon Boyd-Carpenter to the See of Ripon; while Dr. Bickersteth will be welcomed at Exeter by all those good people who, admiring Dr. Temple, would nevertheless have been glad to find in him a little more of the *suaviter in modo*. On the whole, then, the new appointments give pleasure all round.

**THE DYNAMITE POLICY GENERALLY.**—Whether recent events will cause any modification of this remains uncertain. The stabbing of Phelan, followed by the shooting of Rossa, to say nothing of the recent dynamite outrages in London, must have taught the most apathetic of New Yorkers that this "cage of unclean birds" in Chambers Street is a disgrace rather than a credit to their city. And—*independent* of the fact that an anarchical element is plainly making itself visible in their own great cities—the Americans generally would do well to consider whether it is not better to have the sympathy of quiet, respectable people all the world over, than the sympathy of a turbulent section of their Irish fellow-citizens. The dynamite party, who have plenty of cunning, are taking note of this probable shift in the wind, and are proposing to carry on the war against England in a more manly (?) fashion, that is, by attacking dockyards and men-of-war rather than railway tunnels and buildings crowded with sight-seers. We are unable to trace any improvement in the suggested change of tactics, and we hope decent Americans will take the same view. Meanwhile, we venture to repeat an assertion which we have often made before, but which ought to be dinned into the ears of the public. The dynamiters are not a small isolated faction, standing aloof from all other organisations. On the contrary, they are simply an advance guard of the great Irish army which, both at home and abroad, is pursuing the phantom of national independence. Every member of this army may not approve of everything that is done, but there is an instinctive feeling that such gallant acts as breaking a policeman's ribs, and rendering innocent girls permanently deaf, somehow help on "the good cause." This explains why (as an English Roman Catholic priest complained the other day) the Irish ecclesiastics are so silent; this explains why Mr. Parnell treats the explosions as if they had never taken place; this explains why, when, at an Irish meeting in Manchester, one of the speakers ventured on some mild disapproval of these atrocities, he was greeted with hisses and language expressive of savage satisfaction. And this also may explain why, as has been asserted, many employers of labour are dismissing their Irish workmen. If true, it is a grievous fact, but it is not unnatural. A man may be sober, honest, and an efficient workman, and yet be affiliated with conspirators. Lastly, a word to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. If they continue to yield to the demands of agitators because crimes of violence are threatened or committed, they may as well at once grant Irish independence. It would be far wiser to announce that no important Irish legislation will be introduced in future until at least twelve months of immunity from outrage has elapsed.

**INDIVIDUALISM versus SOCIALISM.**—An attempt is being made by Socialist agitators to show that they are resisted by only one set of thoroughly logical opponents—those who are called, in the fullest sense of the term, Individualists. But, if we except the Anarchists, there are no such Individualists as those described by the Socialists. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is never tired of proclaiming the advantages of personal freedom, does not propose that all men shall be at liberty to do exactly what they please. He desires that no one shall be allowed to gratify any wish that conflicts with the general interest; and in order to protect established rights, he would not only have a strong police, but Courts of Justice to which every person would have access without cost. Even for those who are known as Individualists, then, the question as to the functions of the State is one of degree; and they by no means admit that their position is necessarily less logical than that of the Socialists. Their principle is that the State ought not to interfere when an object necessary to the public welfare can be attained by private effort, but that it may legitimately intervene when private effort does not suffice; so that they may be perfectly logical in condemning State action in one set of circumstances, although they cordially approve of it in another. If the Socialists are to make an end of Individualism, they must prove that the interests of the community cannot be adequately maintained except by the authority of a more powerful bureaucracy than any that has ever existed.

**USELESS PASSPORTS.**—At this time, when Russia and Prussia are signing a political Extradition Treaty, when Belgium is reviving its Alien Law, and when the police all over the Continent are on the hunt for conspirators, it is well for the travelling Englishman to carry documents by which his identity may be clearly proved. A passport is of very little use for this purpose, as it bears no description of the person to whom it has been issued. In most European countries an Englishman is told that he need not exhibit a passport; but this immunity, which he takes as a compliment, only means that he may be called upon in emergencies to produce a paper of more satisfactory nature than a passport. Foreign passports are everywhere accepted because they furnish a complete *signalement*. Formerly English passports did so, but they were reduced to their present

concise form at the instance of Lady Castlereagh—of Vienna Congress celebrity—and out of deference to ladies in society who objected to see their ages officially registered. This was all very well in the days when tourists were comparatively few, and when Foreign Office passports were not delivered without some inquiry into the respectability of the recipients. But it is neither possible nor desirable that in these times of much travelling the Foreign Office should be too inquisitive about applicants for passports, as these papers are not presumed to be certificates of character; it is enough that they should be plain evidences of identity. At present they are easily transferable, and they ought not to be so.

**DESTITUTION AND EMIGRATION.**—No wonder there is discontent with the existing arrangements of society, and that communistic panaceas for making everybody comfortable are ripe when such poverty exists as is indicated by Mr. Arnold White's letter in Tuesday's *Times*, wherein he describes how hundreds of men were struggling for work at the docks, the pay being only five pence an hour, and the toil severe. Of course there are what may be called various "remote" remedies for this sad state of things. A sensible system of education (not mere book-learning) would make every man fairly proficient in some skilled occupation, whereas now thousands can do nothing but unskilled work with which the markets are almost always overstocked. But there is also an immediate remedy. In the colonies there is an eager demand and craving for these unskilled men, provided they are fairly strong and are not afraid of work. Just now the fares across the Atlantic are extraordinarily low, for penniless men, as regards their own resources, are as much barred from emigrating by a thirty-shilling fare as by one of thirty pounds. It is laudable, as Mr. White suggests, to enlist private charity by way of forming an emigration fund for these poor fellows, but we want to see a wider interest taken in this matter, and assisted emigration regarded as a public duty. The population of Great Britain needs thinning out, or some day we shall be confronted with some terrible disaster. We should soon be repaid (by the new customers we should get) if we were to spend a million sterling annually in assisting emigrants to Australasia, which, as compared with Canada, is placed under a disadvantage by reason of its remoteness. Only we must be careful to send such persons as the Antipodeans would wish to come. Not waifs and strays, and refuse. The experiment is worth trying. Think of the millions we are spending in the Soudan, where our expenditure produces nothing but mangled limbs, and tears, and all kinds of misery.

**MR. GOSCHEN AT EDINBURGH.**—In the second of the two speeches delivered by Mr. Goschen at Edinburgh, it cannot be said that he threw much fresh light on the subject with which he chose to deal. He insisted with earnestness that electors ought to take a warm interest in our relations with other countries and with the Colonies, and that our colonial and foreign policy ought to be vigorous and self-consistent. No propositions could be more certain; but the really important question is, What should be done to overcome the difficulties by which we happen to be at the present moment confronted? On this subject Mr. Goschen had nothing very definite to say, and we must wait for the full expression of his opinions until the latest agreement of the Government with France is being considered by Parliament. In his first speech Mr. Goschen discussed matters of domestic interest, and about them he spoke with greater decision. His main proposals were that the representative principle should form the basis of our system of local government in the counties, and that the sale of land should be made as easy as that of other commodity. Such suggestions as these appear now enough after the strong food to which a good many politicians have lately been accustoming themselves, and Mr. Goschen does not seem to have been able to excite much enthusiasm. His plans, however, have the merit of being not only practicable, but of being in strict accordance with what have hitherto been regarded as the most essential Liberal principles. And there can be no doubt that he reflects much more accurately than Mr. Chamberlain the tendency of opinion among Liberals of the middle class, whatever may be true of the Liberalism of the working classes.

**PRESS AND PARLIAMENT.**—The boycotting of the Austrian Reichsrath by the Press of Vienna is not a unique incident in the annals of journalism. When Parliament's Government was established in France after the restoration of the Bourbons, reporters were admitted to chairs set on the floor of the Chamber. They were expected, however, to dress in evening clothes, as Frenchmen always did in those days when paying ceremonious visits. In time the floor of the Chamber became like the pit of a theatre, for whenever there was a great debate, not only reporters, but editors and influential leader-writers claimed the privilege of attending. A Count de Coigny, seeing that the crowding of the floor was inconvenient both to the Deputies and to the journalists themselves, moved that a special gallery should be set apart for reporters; but the journalists took this innovation very ill. They chose to regard their exclusion from the floor as an indignity, though by the new arrangement ample space was secured to them, with facilities for writing, and they were also relieved from the obligation of dress-clothes. Having formed a League of Silence, as they grandly called it, the principal papers refrained during a whole week from

reporting Parliamentary proceedings, but after this they concentrated their vengeance upon Count de Coigny alone. Whatever this obnoxious member said or did was reported in minute detail. His sneezings, dozings, coughings were all noted, and this persecution was carried on until the Count made his *amende* to the whole journalistic profession by calling out an editor and shooting him. In Vienna all the trouble seems to have arisen through the action of a solitary member, who objects to the intrusion of journalists into the lobbies; but Herr Schönerer, though he has had to make his submission to the newspapers on strike, is not without justification to his complaint, for in all Continental Assemblies the invasion by journalists of the precincts reserved for members has grown into a nuisance. It is getting to be an evil at Westminster also. The sight of a number of journalists crowding the lobbies to pick up the bones of dining-room gossip, which they afterwards cook up into some sort of stew, called "Special information," is not one of impressive dignity. Nor is it exactly edifying to see M.P.'s supplying notes of their speeches to provincial leader-writers, with profuse verbal instructions as to the line which these gentlemen are to take in their articles.

**Gossip, Ancient and Modern.**—There is nothing necessarily ill-natured about gossip. It is allied to the instinct which makes people read novels or go to see plays, with the additional fascination that it concerns real folks. At all events, the world has always been, and probably will continue to be, fond of gossip. But formerly the article was entirely home-made; now it is also professionally manufactured. "Horace Walpole's Letters" may be regarded as a sort of connecting-link between the old-fashioned house-to-house gossip and the modern Society newspaper. We are led into these remarks by a passage from the report of a recent disputed will case. A witness, speaking of a deceased widow lady, to whom he considered himself to have been engaged, said:—"She was very anxious not to have the engagement made public, and remarked that an article in one of the social papers would kill her." We quote these words because we think they convey a useful lesson. First, to people in general. If we are afraid that something which we have done or are going to do may get into these printed chronicles of gossip, it is probably because that something is either wrong or foolish. Secondly, a lesson to the conductors of Society papers. They may, without even intending to be offensive, hurt some one's feelings by the insertion of a very innocent-looking paragraph. There is no valid reason why, because a person has done, or is about to do, a silly thing, that thing should be blazoned abroad to titillate the idle curiosity of comparative strangers. At the same time, we freely admit that, at least in the higher class of Society journals, such paragraphs are rare. Society is so wide and so complex nowadays, and there is such a multitude of interesting subjects to write about, that a competent editor may fill his paper with perfectly harmless small-talk, and yet never be guilty of dulness.

**MISREPRESENTATION IN POLITICS.**—One of the least pleasant signs of the times is the readiness with which politicians misrepresent the opinions of their opponents. Even gentle Sir Stafford Northcote has lately been called to account for identifying the views of Mr. Thorold Rogers with those of Mr. Henry George. As for Mr. Chamberlain, there is hardly any monstrous or ridiculous doctrine with which he has not been credited by one or other of those who do not agree with him. And the Conservatives are by no means the only offenders. They in their turn are accused of holding impudent and wicked notions, so that if we were to estimate Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury by the judgments of their critics, we should have to think of them as very dangerous persons indeed. Of course it is always assumed by politicians that their wild exaggerations will not be taken seriously; but it does not follow that they do not harm by indulging in reckless talk. They make politics repulsive to men of fair and temperate minds, and that ought surely to be considered a serious calamity. Moreover, when politicians cease to be accurate in speaking of what their opponents think, they are apt to be equally inaccurate about other matters. According to some authorities, the evil is inseparable from democratic methods of government; but why should it be so? There seems to be no reason why extravagance and injustice in public speaking should be more agreeable to working men than to any other class. In their own Congresses working-men invariably strive to carry on their debates with moderation, and the chances are that they would applaud statesmen who would persistently appeal rather to their reason than to their passions.

**BULLYING LITTLE STATES.**—Supposing that a member of the Greek Legation in London were assaulted by a tipsy policeman, would our Government make reparation to the Hellenic kingdom by mustering a battalion of Guards in the Mall, and obliging them to salute the Greek flag and to play the Greek National Anthem? If not, then the reparation which was demanded at Athens on Mr. Nicolson's behalf was excessive. Bullying commands towards a small State come with very ill grace from a Government which is so humble in its dealings with France, Germany, and the United States. France harbours Fenians in her capital contrary to her own municipal laws, and Lord Granville says nothing—he does not even bring the French to their senses by informing them that the Foreign Enlistment Act will be

strictly enforced in Hong Kong and all our other ports, so that the operations against China may be carried on with strict fair play for the Chinese. In America gangs of dynamitards are allowed openly to collect subscriptions for murderous outrages in England, and our Government confines itself to mild remonstrances. From Russia and Germany, again, this country has had to endure, within the last few years, many a deliberate snub; but our Government has been angelic in long-suffering. Why, then, this spit-fire outburst against a poor little State where an Englishman has met with an affront which, even if it was unprovoked, would have been amply avenged by the punishment of the perpetrator, and by a friendly letter of apology from the Greek Government? No wonder the Greeks are deeply mortified at the humiliation which has been put upon them; but it is to be hoped that they will see that right-thinking Englishmen also are thoroughly ashamed of the whole matter.



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#### THE NILE EXPEDITION

##### A LETTER FROM THE SOUDAN

The duties of a hospital nurse in the field are many and manifold, and not the least of them is the writing of letters home for sick or disabled soldiers. A more pleasing task than that of the lady's before us can scarcely be imagined, for each word she writes she knows full well will be warmly welcomed and carefully treasured by an anxious wife or mother eager to know all about her husband or son at the war, and how he is recovering from the wounds which a curt telegram has informed her that he has received in some skirmish with the Soudanese, or, maybe, in defending the corner of the square against the assault of thousands. Not always, however, is the task so easy or so agreeable. Nurses have not always a tale of convalescence to tell—sometimes it is one of danger, and oftentimes of death. But even then there is frequently much comfort conveyed to the bereaved ones at home by receiving a few lines in a woman's hand telling them that all that could be had been done, and that tender and skilled fingers soothed the sufferer's last hours.

##### WITH GENERAL EARLE

WHILE Sir Herbert Stewart and his gallant band have been fighting their way across the Bayuda desert to Metemneh, General Earle has been ascending the Nile with the infantry in boats and a small force of cavalry on the river banks. Leaving Korti with his Staff on January 3rd, General Earle halted for a short time at Merawi, and pushing forward to Hamdab, definitely started with his troops for Berber. He has with him the Staffordshire and Black Watch Regiments, covered on the left bank by the 19th Hussars and the Egyptian Camel Corps under Colonel Butler, and on the right bank by some of the Mudir's Soudanese Cavalry, under Colonel Colville, in all 2,400 men. In addition to working their way round the bend to effect a junction with General Stewart, General Earle has orders to punish the Monassir tribe for the murders of Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power, and to open communications across the desert from Abu Hamed to Korosko. Up to the present time, as told in our chronicle of events, the enemy have offered no opposition. Wad Gamr and his followers were expected to give battle at Birteh, but on their arrival there on Sunday they were found to have retreated, and no resistance was encountered.

##### THE TREWS OF THE BLACK WATCH

THIS sketch shows a company of the usually trim and soldierlike 42nd Highlanders landing at Korti. "The men," writes Mr. Villiers, "presented a most dilapidated appearance. Their tartan trews had been sewn and patched to a terrible extent." Certainly the present uniform of our infantry is not suited to boating work, and in our next little aquatic military expedition it would be well to equip the men in the substantial and capacious nether garments of the Yarmouth fisherman or the Deal boatman. However, thanks to the exercise and fresh air, the troops appear to have arrived at Korti in rude health, and eager for the march across the Desert.

##### THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA AT HOME

"SIR MOUSTAPHA YAWAR, K.C.M.G.," writes our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers, "the Mudir, is a man who has figured conspicuously in the Soudan difficulty. He was originally a slave, but with remarkable rapidity he has raised himself to his present high position. Having been born in Asia Minor, of Tcherkess parents, he is unlike in colour or feature any of his Egyptian colleagues. He has a remarkably strong though ascetic-looking face, excessively thin, his high cheekbones shining with the tightness of the skin. A large nose, hooked and beaky, presides over a mouth well-shaped, though full in the lips. A black beard, ragged and straggling, covers the lower part of his face and fringes square, massive jaws. Large dark eyes, with drooping eyelids and long lashes, lend a tired and weary expression to the whole countenance. A fez, or white felt dervish cap, with an orange-coloured turban, forms his head-gear. A white flannel coat of very ordinary European pattern, white linen skirt, reaching nearly to his ankles, linen drawers, white socks, and red-pointed turned-up toed slippers constitute the rest of his apparel. Having a slight stoop, and walking measuredly with the assistance of a cane, attached to the end of which is a small spear-head acting as a ferule, gives the Mudir his aged appearance, though he cannot be more than forty-three years of age. Every morning he interviews his Sandjaks, or receives visitors in the Hall of the Mudireh, seated à la Turque on a black bent-wood Viennese chair, opposite another on which is placed his seals of office and a silver-hilted Soudanese straight sword. A servant stands near to frighten away the numerous little Java sparrows which twitter and hop and fly around with such persistency, that the waving of a long branch of palm by the domestic in question can hardly keep them from settling on the Mudir's chair, his seals, his sword, or his nose. With the exception of the coffee-pot bearer, all the servants of his little Court are Turks, either European or Asiatic, with no uniformity of costume, wearing either European or Oriental clothing at pleasure, excepting the head-gear, which invariably is the fez or turban with all good Mussulmans."

##### OFFICERS RECENTLY KILLED IN THE SOUDAN

AN account of the Battle of Abu Klea has already appeared in these columns, but it may be advisable in publishing the portraits of the officers who fell on this occasion to preface their several memoirs with a few sentences from Lord Wolseley's official despatch descriptive of the engagement. Sir Herbert Stewart's cavalry reported on the 16th January that the enemy were in position near the Abu Klea Wells. As it was too late to make a successful attack that evening,



MAJOR WALTER HYDE ATHERTON  
5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales') Dragoon Guards  
Killed at the Abu Klea Wells, Jan. 17



CAPTAIN JOSEPH WATKINS WILLIAM DARLEY  
4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards  
Killed at the Abu Klea Wells, Jan. 17



LIEUTENANT JAMES DUNBAR GUTHRIE  
B Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery.  
Died of Wounds Received at the Abu Klea Wells, Jan. 17



LIEUTENANT ALFRED PIGOTT, R.N.  
H.M.S. "Alexandra"  
Killed at the Abu Klea Wells, Jan. 17



LIEUTENANT RUDOLPH E. DELISLE, R.N.  
H.M.S. "Alexandra"  
Killed at the Abu Klea Wells, Jan. 17



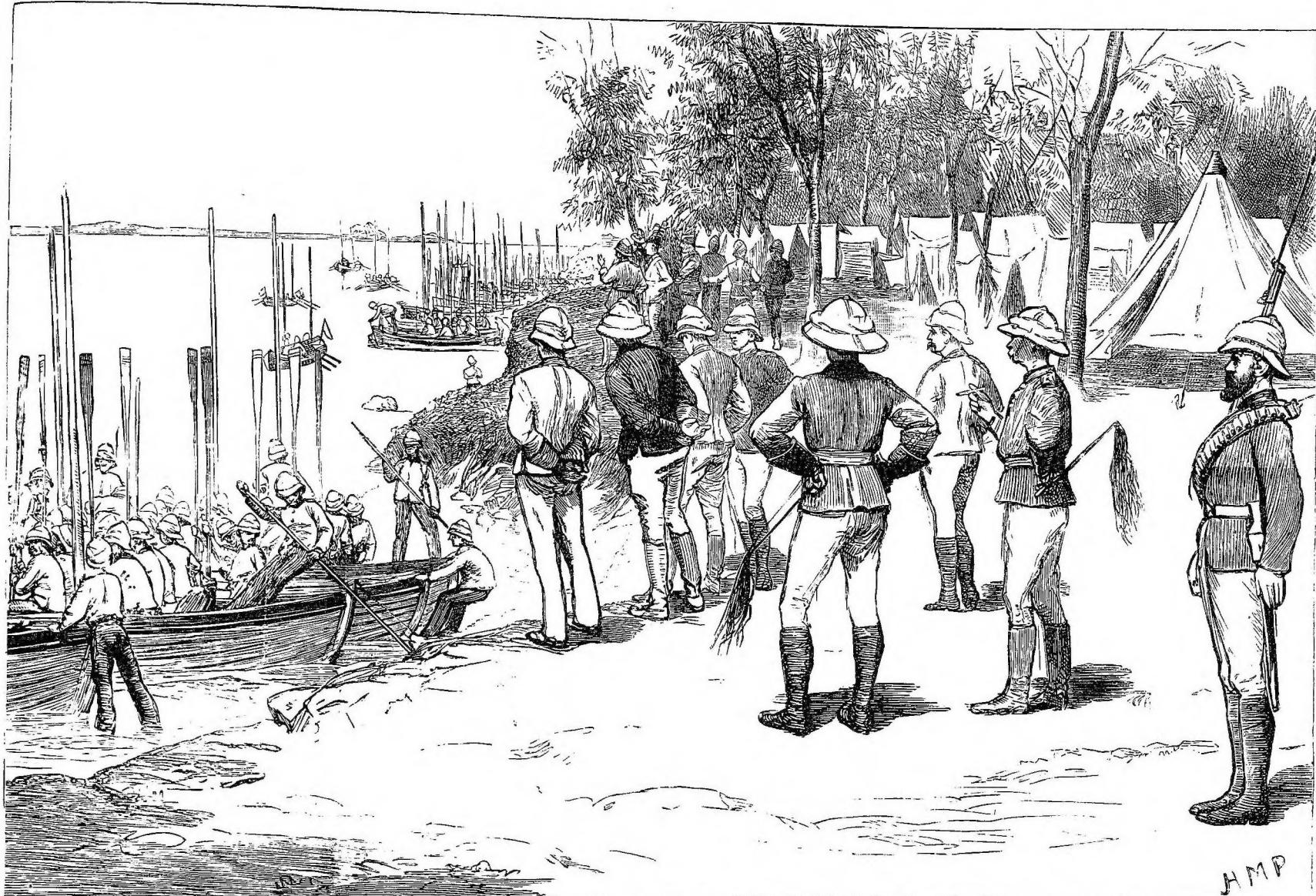
LIEUTENANT RICHARD WOLFE  
2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys)  
Killed at the Abu Klea Wells, Jan. 17



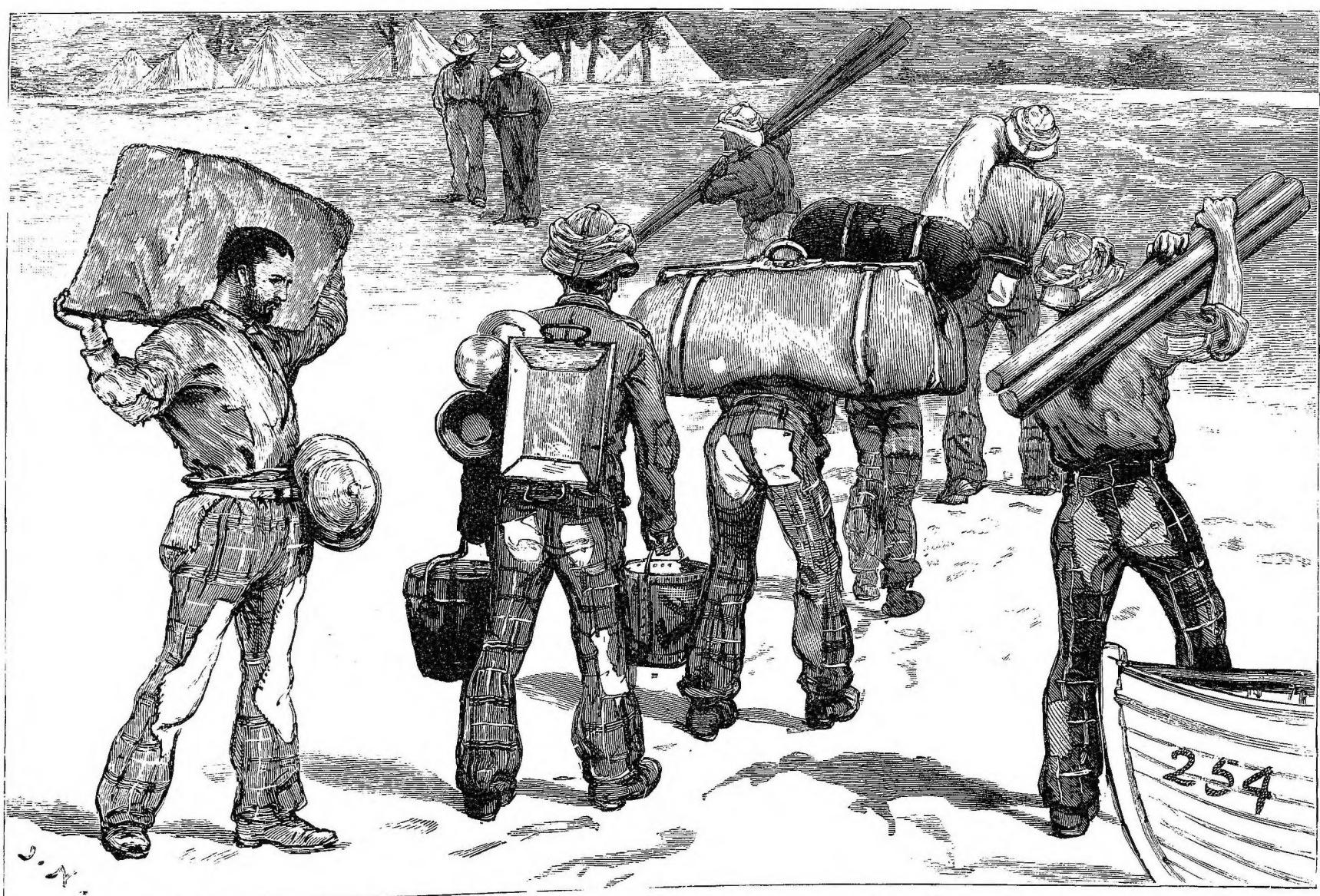
MR. ST. LEGER ALGERNON HERBERT  
Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post*  
Killed in the Square, near Gubat, Jan. 19



MR. J. A. CAMERON  
Special Correspondent of the *Standard*  
Killed in the Square, near Gubat, Jan. 19



THE DEPARTURE OF GENERAL EARLE'S RIVER COLUMN—ADVANCE OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT FROM KORTI



THE TROOPS OF THE 42ND (BLACK WATCH) ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT KORTI

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

our forces bivouacked. Next day Stewart endeavoured to induce the enemy to attack, but they hesitated, whereupon, leaving his camels and baggage under a guard, he moved forward in square, all men on foot, and passing round the enemy's left flank, forced him to attack or be enfiladed. It was then that the enemy charged, and our square was broken by sheer weight of numbers. Most of the losses undergone on our side were inflicted during the hand-to-hand struggle that ensued. Amongst others, Colonel Burnaby, whom we commemorated last week, met his death from a spear-thrust. Without further prelude we will now proceed to give an account of the deceased officers and their services.

MAJOR LUDOVICK MONTEFIORE CARMICHAEL, of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, was born at sea 21st November, 1836, entered the army as Cornet in 1861, and gained his successive ranks as Lieutenant in 1863, Captain in 1870, and Major in 1881. He had passed the Staff College, but had not before been in active service. Considerable sympathy has been aroused by the fact that Major Carmichael (who had previously lost his wife) has left an orphan boy aged four, for whom, owing to the non-payment of the premium on a policy of insurance, very scanty provision has been made. Her Majesty the Queen, however, has interested herself in the case, and it is hoped that a substantial sum will be raised for the child's maintenance. We may add that Major Carmichael relinquished fortune that had been left him under special circumstances affecting his honour, and also that he had spent upwards of 4,000/- (in the old purchase days) in obtaining his successive promotions. He could, if he chose, have retired some years ago on a pension of 300/- a year.

MAJOR WALTER HYDE ATHERTON, of the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, entered the army as Lieutenant in 1874, became Captain in 1879, and Major in 1884. He had no previous war service.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH WATKINS WILLIAM DARLEY, of the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, entered the army as Lieutenant in 1874, and was made Captain in 1881. He served with his regiment in the Egyptian War of 1882, and was present at the two engagements at Kassassin, the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the capture of Cairo, for which he received the medal with clasp and the Khédive's Star.

LIEUTENANT RICHARD WOLFE was first on the list of Lieutenants in the 2nd Dragoons, or Royal Scots Greys. He entered the army as Second Lieutenant in 1878, was made Lieutenant the year afterwards, and had seen no war service before the campaign in which he fell.

The loss of two naval officers out of the small number present at the Battle of Abu Klea is remarkable. Probably the machine gun in their charge was a special object of attack, and, as was the case with their devoted comrades at Tamasi, they died beside it. COMMANDER ALFRED PIGOTT, son of Colonel Pigott, 7, Cavendish Crescent, Bath, entered the Navy in 1861, and served on board various vessels till 1877, when he was selected as Second Lieutenant of the *Britannia*, during the training of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George. In 1881 he was wounded by a slug shot while on service up the Niger River on board the *Briton*. Last year he made a reconnaissance of the Nile, and afterwards went to Suakin. In August last he was again sent up the Nile, and when killed at Abu Klea Wells was commanding the First Division of the Naval Brigade.

LIEUTENANT RUDOLPH E. DELISLE belonged, like his comrade, Commander Pigott, to H.M.S. *Alexandra*. He was possessed of many winning qualities; and there remain a widowed mother and a large circle of relatives, including his sisters, the Dowager Lady Howard of Glossop and Lady Weld, to lament his untimely end. He was of a highly-respected Roman Catholic family.

LIEUTENANT JAMES DUNBAR GUTHRIE, of the B Brigade of the Royal Horse Artillery, was severely wounded at Abu Klea. With the rest of the wounded he and Lord St. Vincent, whose portrait we hope to publish next week, were left behind in tents under a strong guard, but afterwards succumbed to their injuries. Lieutenant Guthrie entered the service from the Royal Military Academy, January, 1877. This was his first campaign.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Commander Pigott by W. G. Lewis, Bath; Major Atherton by Thrupp, 66, New Street, Birmingham; Captain Darley by W. and A. H. Fry, Fast Street, Brighton; Lieut. Wolfe by Robinson, 65, Grafton Street, Dublin, and 172, Regent Street, W., and Van der Weyde, Regent, W.; Lieut. Delisle by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Major Carmichael by Naudin, 13, The Terrace, Kensington High Street; Lieut. Guthrie by O. Schoefft, Cairo.

#### MR. J. A. CAMERON

The brilliant letters written for the *Standard* during the last six years by this lamented gentleman have caused that journal to be eagerly scanned when any campaign work was going on. He was a native of Inverness, and was engaged in a bank there. Then he went out to a mercantile house in India, but when the Afghan War in 1879 broke out he relinquished his business, and obtained the post of special correspondent for the *Bombay Gazette*. The brilliancy and thoroughness of his work soon attracted attention, and, after the Battle of Maiwand, he offered his services to the *Standard*. He was the first to ride with the news of General Roberts' victory to the nearest telegraph post, beating his competitors and the Government couriers by a day and a half. He also sent home a description of the scene and of the fighting which established his reputation as one of the ablest as well as most enterprising of journalists. He was in South Africa during the Boer revolt, was present at the fatal fight of Majuba Hill, where he was taken prisoner by the Boers, but nevertheless managed to send home a description of the battle. He went through the entire Egyptian campaign, having witnessed and described every engagement which took place. After a short rest, he went to Madagascar, and gave the first trustworthy account which had appeared of the state of affairs in the island. Then via Melbourne he went to Tonquin; but, as English correspondents were not allowed to remain with the French forces, he returned to Egypt, was present at the defeat of Baker Pasha's force, and also at the Battles of Teb and Tamanieb. Last summer he spent in Scotland with his widowed mother and friends. Lately he again started for Egypt, and pushed up the Nile with the advanced boats of Lord Wolseley's Expedition. He was killed at 11 A.M. on the 19th January in the fighting which took place near Metemneh. He was lying behind the kneeling camels in the zebra which was being fired upon by the enemy in three directions. He was shot through the back, and killed at once. We understand that the proprietors of the *Standard*, in recognition of Mr. Cameron's valuable services, have conferred a pension on his widowed mother.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street.

#### MR. ST. LEGER HERBERT

The special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, Mr. St. Leger Herbert, was shot dead at the same time as Mr. Cameron. He was a member of that branch of the Herbert family of which Lord Carnarvon is the head, and was the son of Captain Frederick Charles Herbert. He was born in 1850, and educated at Wadham College, Oxford. He served under Lord Dufferin in Canada, and under Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet) in Cyprus and in South Africa. For his services on these occasions he was made a C.M.G.

He was present at the taking of Sekukuni's Mountain, for which he obtained the South African medal. Mr. Herbert was also Civil Secretary to Sir F. Roberts in South Africa, and, when the General returned to England, he was made Secretary to the Transvaal Commission. He served as a volunteer with the Mounted Infantry at Tel-el-Kebir, for which he obtained the Egyptian medal. Two years later he was present at the Battles of El Teb and Tamasi, where he acted as galloper to Sir H. Stewart, and obtained the clasp. At Tamasi he was severely wounded, but his youth and good constitution gave him a speedy recovery. During a portion of the Suakin Expedition he gave his services as correspondent to the *Morning Post*.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Boning and Small, 22, Baker Street, W.

#### SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B.

See page 132.

#### THE MARCH TO THE GAKDUL WELLS

See page 133.

#### FIRING ON THE "TYBURNIA"

THIS engraving illustrates an awkward incident which occurred some weeks since at Madeira, but which fortunately did not lead to a suspension of friendly relations between ourselves and our ancient allies, the Portuguese. It seems that an association, styled the Pleasure Sailing Yacht Company, chartered a vessel named the *Tyburnia*, commanded by Captain Juba Kennerley, for a trip to different parts of the world at the rate of a guinea a head *per diem*. The yacht, on arriving at Madeira, on November 24th, was anchored 200 yards west of the Loo Rock Battery in the quarantine grounds. It seems that, like John Gilpin, Captain Kennerley, although "on pleasure bent," had a "frugal mind." The yacht was ballasted with goods, which were to be sold at the different ports of call. The Custom House authorities, perhaps by an oversight, or perhaps thinking that a pleasure-yacht would not carry merchantable goods, omitted to send on board the usual cargo-declaration forms. When, however, the captain went ashore and sold some of his goods, he was accused of smuggling, and told that his ship and cargo would be seized and confiscated. Captain Kennerley (an old blockade-runner during the American War) treated the threat with defiance; whereupon the Military Governor issued orders that, if the vessel attempted to leave her moorings, she should be fired at. The passengers backed up their gallant skipper; and consequently, at twenty minutes to 1 A.M., he weighed anchor. Bang went a gun from the Loo Rock Battery. It was a blank charge. The yacht ran up her foresail and got her head round. Bang went a second blank charge. But, as the yacht made sail and began slowly moving with the tide, the Rock opened with ball. The third shot carried away some of the ropes of the bowsprit, and the firing was kept up for an hour till the yacht had got out of range. Some of the shot fell close to the yacht, but no loss of life ensued. We may charitably surmise that the bad aiming was intentional, for, if any one had been killed, serious complications might have ensued. The ladies and gentlemen who were passengers seem to have behaved with great pluck, declining to go below, and staying on deck till the firing ceased. The *Tyburnia* then sailed for Barbadoes. We have taken the foregoing account from a correspondent who is evidently friendly to the *Tyburnia*, but we venture to think that she was altogether in the wrong. The Custom House folks were justified in regarding her as a smuggler, and therefore, in attempting to detain her. John Bull should remember the maxim: "When in Turkey do as the turkeys do." The regulations in foreign countries may seem frivolous or vexatious, nevertheless a wise man will be careful to obey them.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Captain Juba Kennerley.

#### POLICE CONSTABLE COLE

ON the afternoon of Saturday, January 24th, Mr. Green, a civil engineer, accompanied by his wife and her sister, Miss Davies, paid a visit to Westminster Palace. After viewing the two Houses of Parliament they were going down the stairs leading from the floor of the Hall to the Crypt, when Miss Davies noticed a roll of cloth about six steps down, which gave out a peculiar smell. She showed it to Mr. Green, he shouted the word "Dynamite!" and hurried the ladies upstairs as quickly as possible. They went at once towards the staircase leading to the Committee Rooms, and told Police Constable Cole, who was stationed there, what they had seen. He instantly went to the spot, picked up the package, and carried it cautiously to the top of the steps. Something, however, exuding from it burnt his fingers, and he let it fall. Instantly a frightful explosion took place. We have already described last week the effects on Miss Davies and her party. Cole, when rescued from the hole into which he had fallen, was found to be perfectly deaf, and his ribs were badly broken. Police Constable Cox, who was close at hand, and was also struck down was suffering from concussion of the brain and temporary derangement. Both men, however, have since gone on well. Sir William Harcourt, who went by Her Majesty's command to see the injured men, speaks of "the gallant conduct of Police Constable Cole, who, knowing full well the terrible risk he incurred, endeavoured at the peril of his life to remove the burning explosive from the building." The Queen intends to confer on Cole the Albert Medal, and she bade Sir William tell both Cole and Cox how she appreciated the courage and devotion they had shown, and how she hoped for their speedy recovery.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

#### JOHN GILBERT CUNNINGHAM,

CHARGED WITH BEING A DYNAMITARD

AFTER the two explosions at Westminster on the 24th ult. no suspicious person was arrested. The reason for this is obvious—Westminster Hall is a public place, and doubtless the miscreants, as soon as they had made their villainous deposit, departed swiftly. But the Tower is still a military fortress, and therefore, directly after the explosion, the guard was called out and the gates closed. All the visitors are said to have given a satisfactory account of themselves except the man whose portrait we engrave. He gave false names and addresses, and, without in any way desiring to prejudice the case, the evidence since given shows that the police exercised a wise discretion in retaining him in custody. The *Times* report describes him as "A young man, aged twenty-two, standing about five feet five inches high, with swarthy complexion, broad features, dark brown hair worn smooth, dark eyes somewhat sunken, and no hair on face. He has a scar on the top of the third finger of the right hand, and another scar on the right forearm. He is a native of Gurnamora, County Cork, has spent some years in America, and is supposed to have passed some weeks recently in large towns where Irish congregate."

#### "CAUGHT AT LAST"

THE most enthusiastic fox-hunter may bestow a grain of sympathy on poor Reynard when he sees him in the plight here depicted. He has been chased by an army of men on horseback (to say nothing of the yelling dogs) till the breath has been almost driven out of his body, but he has just had strength enough left to reach home. And home is home, either for human beings or foxes, be it never so homely. But just fancy your feelings, my dainty sportsman in pink, if you were pursued by

a legion of lions or tigers, thirsting for your blood, and if, just as you had reached the door of your house, panting and half dead, you found the door remorselessly locked in your face! This is exactly what has befallen poor Reynard, only in the case of a fox we call it "stopping the earths," and somehow it does not then sound cruel. So here he is, trapped beyond redemption; one remorseless monster has seized him by the brush, and half a score more remorseless monsters are just about to spring upon him and tear him to pieces.

"MATT"

MR. BUCHANAN'S new serial story, illustrated by Joseph Nash, is continued on page 141.

#### THE MEER ALLUM LAKE

THIS lake is situated about two miles from the City of Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam's dominions, Deccan, India. It was constructed about A.D. 1808, by Nawab Meer Allum, the then Prime Minister of the State, during the reign of Sikander Jah. The area of the lake is about one and a half square miles, and it is the chief source of supply for drinking purposes enjoyed by the inhabitants of the City of Hyderabad. The principal feeder of the lake takes its rise from the River Esee, near the village of Yerselgandy, some miles above. The masonry dam, which is thrown across a valley sloping towards the Moosee River, is of great solidity, and unique as it is effective and lasting. It has the appearance of a bridge as if it were laid on its side, and is built on the principle of the arch. The number of arch-like structures is twenty-one, each of about 150 feet span, resting on piers, supported by buttresses, and the whole structure assumes the shape of one large arch. The resistance it thus presents to the pressure of the water is obviously more formidable and complete than a dam constructed in the ordinary way. The greatest depth of water in the lake is about fifty feet, and during the rainy season, when quite full, flows over the crest of the dam in a fine cascade, rendering the whole scene one of great beauty and grandeur. Besides supplying the wants of the city and suburbs, the water from the lake irrigates a considerable tract of land consisting of rice fields and fruit gardens. There are four steam yachts belonging to H.H. the Nizam and Nawab Salar Jung, son of the late eminent Prime Minister, on the lake, and they are liberally placed at the disposal of pleasure parties visiting this neighbourhood. Though the lake is the private property of the family of Sir Salar Jung, the water is supplied free of charge to the inhabitants of the city and suburbs.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Monksteller and Co., Bombay.

#### ARABI'S HOUSE, COLOMBO

WHILE our troops continue to do battle with Mahomedans in the Soudan, and our diplomats to wrangle with Christians in Europe over the final settlement of the Egyptian difficulty, Arabi Pasha, to whose initiative the stirring events of the past two years are due, is leading the quiet existence of a recluse in Ceylon. We engrave a photograph of his residence, Lake House, Colombo, forwarded by a gentleman who recently visited the Egyptian exile, who writes:—

"The comfortable surroundings of poor Arabi speak much for the consideration shown by England to her State captives. He, however, complains somewhat of the climate." Lake House is a spacious, long, two-storey building, standing in extensive park-like grounds. The clump of palms on the left is a coco-nut plantation, while on the right are mangrove bushes and some fine fir trees.

#### THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION

THE gentleman to whom we are indebted for our sketches writes from Kiinsan, N.W. Afghanistan:—"One of my sketches depicts the review of some Afghan troops by Colonel Ridgeway. We halted about halfway on our march from Zindajan to Kosinik, near Ghorian, where these troops, who accompanied the Governor of Herat, were drawn up in line, to the number of about 2,000. They afterwards defiled past Colonel Ridgeway. A mule battery of four guns led the way, looking very serviceable. After them came about a company of infantry, a fine-looking set of men, armed with Enfield rifles, but with no other attempt at uniformity of equipment. Then came the cavalry. Each regiment, or body, was headed by its standard-bearer (in rear of the commanding officer), trumpeter, and drummer. These heralded their approach to the saluting-point by a flourish on the trumpet and a banging of the drum, which, it must be confessed, was rather feeble. However, they were a well-mounted, useful-looking body of men, and gave one the idea that they would be by no means contemptible, either as friends or foes. Altogether it was a picturesque and interesting sight.

"The troops at the review were not regulars, but a sort of tribal levies, or militia, principally from Herat and its neighbourhood, and comprising a good many Turcomans by race and descent."

"The distant view of Herat was taken from as near a point as we have yet been to that city, namely from a hill close by our camp twelve miles distant, and it was but dim and indistinct."

The same correspondent writes in a private letter:—"I dare say you will have seen accounts of our progress in the papers, how we crossed the desert from Nushki to the Helmund, &c., &c. The accounts I have seen in the Indian papers were slightly rose-coloured; however, there were no great hardships till the last stage, when there was a distance of fifty-three miles without water to get over. We started one morning at 2 A.M., marching thirty miles, and arriving at the midway halt in the afternoon. There water had been sent from the Helmund in 'mushuks' (sheepskin bags), and a limited supply was served out. We got a mouthful of cold food, slept for about two hours, and started again at 7 P.M. for the remainder of the journey. I was so overcome by fatigue and sleepiness that I kept dozing off in the saddle; in fact, the march was like a horrid dream. All sorts of ridiculous images presented themselves. A low ridge of sandhills would appear to be tents; a beacon fire on a mound, with a withered stump behind it, transformed itself into a railway-station with a telegraph-post, till I woke with a start to the fact that there was not a railway-station within hundreds of miles! The commonest delusion of all was that there was a great black wall in front, which my horse was vainly endeavouring to force his way through. At length this long protracted nightmare on horseback came to an end, for we reached our camp on the Helmund (twenty-three miles), and lay down to sleep about daybreak. That day I had a glorious bath in the Helmund, and experienced the delight of a drink of pure clear water, after the indescribable filth we had been scraping from the bottoms of mud-holes, and drinking for the previous fortnight. The country through which the Ameer, in his wisdom, has laid down our route is so thinly populated, and so ill supplied with water, that the available halting-places are far between, and our marches thus rendered very long and fatiguing, otherwise it is far from being an unpleasant life. All seem to be in capital health, the days are sharp and bracing, and one gets an enormous appetite. We live pretty well; the mutton is excellent, from those sheep you have doubtless heard of with immense tails—all solid fat! We have brought plentiful stores of European provisions, besides what the country provides; and the Ameer is good enough to present us, out of his own purse, with supplies of tea, sugar, and candles.

"The first part of the 'desert,' as it is called, is mostly hard sun-baked clay, very pleasant to travel on. Next is reached a stage of loose sand, very tiring to men and beasts. Then we wound our way through a range of hills—the rockiest and most jagged I ever saw. The remainder of the route is nearly all a coarse black gravel, with here and there stretches of loose, heavy sand. Nearly the whole of it, and this country as well, is overgrown with a little

scrubby plant, of a dry, woody appearance, with a pleasant aromatic smell, which is called 'Camel scrub,' as it forms the principal food of the camels.

"The nights are getting very cold. A few evenings ago the thermometer marked 21 deg.—11 deg. below freezing. At four in the morning—when we usually rouse—it is very bitter turning out of our tents.

"To give you a specimen of one of our marches: Yesterday, Nov. 11th, we rose at 2 A.M.; packed baggage on camels, &c., and by 4 A.M. started. The march proved to be thirty-eight miles, and over such ground! Winding through hills, down the beds of rocky watercourses; then great stretches of rolling plain, all coarse gravel; then more hills, &c. I generally ride with the cavalry escort, and we arrived here (Camp, Gazachah), at 3 P.M. There was then nothing to do but to sit down and wait till the baggage arrived. The mule with my tent turned up at eight—pitch dark! We had to put the tent up by the sense of touch rather than that of sight. The camels, carrying bedding, &c., arrived at 11 P.M., and I at last got to bed at twelve."



SIR HERBERT STEWART is gazetted a Major-General for "distinguished service in the field."

WITH THE APPROACH OF THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT there is a profusion of Liberal and Conservative oratory. Much of it has been on the texts supplied by those passages of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on Thursday last week, in which, representing the owners and occupiers of the soil as bankrupt, he advocated the transfer of the soil to a peasant proprietor at the expense of the community, and afterwards denounced our system of taxation as unjust and oppressive to the poorer classes, recommending, among other fiscal changes, a graduated income-tax. In a first speech at Edinburgh, under circumstances already referred to in this column, Mr. Goschen called Mr. Chamberlain's agrarian scheme a "crude panacea," and protested against his proposal of a graduated income-tax as contravening the fundamental principles of Mr. Gladstone's fiscal policy. Criticising at Blackpool Mr. Chamberlain's agrarian scheme as substituting for an often merciful and considerate race of landlords the hard and rigorous landlordism of the State, Colonel Stanley made the rather important admission that he preferred, on principle, small farms to large. During his oratorical tour in the West of England, Sir Stafford Northcote has, of course, animadverted on Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech. Addressing a festive meeting of Conservative working men at Exeter on Tuesday, he relieved the dryness of political controversy with a little poetry and pleasantness, saying, with reference to Lord Beaconsfield's and Mr. Chamberlain's favourite flowers, that in the contest of the future it will be a party of primroses against a party of orchids, and contrasting the primrose, which flowers everywhere, and is the harbinger of spring, with Mr. Chamberlain's exotic orchid, which had to be maintained in hot-houses, and is not, Sir Stafford thought, "the sort of flower that is going to win our hearts."

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF AN AGRICULTURAL ECONOMIST, that well-known authority, Sir James Caird, has issued a vigorous protest against Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of a peasant proprietor, and his description of the landlord and the tenant-farmer as combining to take everything out of the land, while putting nothing into it. Sir James Caird believes that, on the contrary, during the last thirty years the landlords have spent two millions a year on drainage and other agricultural improvements; and if, he asks, the farmers spend nothing in adding to the fertility of their farms, why should security for the repayment of their invested capital have been given them by the new Agricultural Holdings Act. This measure, it need scarcely be added, was introduced by the Government of which Mr. Chamberlain is a prominent member.

UNDETERRED by a pretty general expression of disapproval of Mr. Chamberlain's agrarian proposals, Sir Charles Dilke, addressing the electors of the contemplated new Borough of Hammersmith, and referring to the statement that there still exists a large number of small freeholders, said that very few of them are cultivating freeholders in the old sense of the word, and that one of the objects of the Advanced Liberal party is to restore the people to the land.

MR. GOSCHEN made on Tuesday, in Edinburgh, a second and very able speech on Foreign and Colonial affairs. He pointed out how coalitions of Continental Great Powers had become a subject of the deepest importance to Englishmen, in so far as those Powers were extending their Colonial possessions in a way which might conflict with British Colonial interests, and as our Colonies are relatively our best customers, none were more interested than the working classes in the stability of our Colonial Empire. With an evident reference to the feebleness and vacillation of the Government in its Colonial, Foreign, and Egyptian policy, he urged that upon those points which we think essential to our duty or our interests we should be absolutely clear, and take care to have the material force by which we can assert our rights, and be able to stand by the words to which we are pledged. The Navy requires to be strengthened. Even Democratic and Liberal countries, such as Italy and France, were increasing their naval power, and Mr. Goschen concluded with an eloquent peroration, in the course of which he said that it would be a woeful day for justice, for liberty, for equal treatment of subject populations, if the flag of this country should be lowered, and if we should lose our influence in the whole body of the public opinion of Europe.

AT LORD SPENCER'S opening *luné* for the season, on Tuesday, at Dublin Castle, for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the Lord Mayor and officers of the Corporation of the Irish capital were conspicuous by their absence. The Lord Mayor himself, it appears, wished to be present, but had to yield to the disloyal dictation of a party in the Council.

AFTER A DETERMINED RESISTANCE by a crowd of crofters which the police despatched to Skye could not have overcome without the aid of a detachment of Marines a hundred strong, several of the crofters of the island, charged with obstructing the officers of the law in the service of summonses, have been arrested. The excitement in the district was afterwards somewhat allayed by the liberation of several of the prisoners on bail.

THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC is increasing in London, and at the meeting this week of the Metropolitan Asylums Board it was suggested that the managers should exert themselves in their respective localities to have the Vaccination Acts more thoroughly carried out, and to recommend revaccination.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lord O'Hagan, noticed in our "Legal" column; of Admiral Sir Cornwallis Kicketts, in his eighty-third year; of Colonel W. F. F. Waller, of the Bombay Staff Corps, who received the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous gallantry at the capture of Gwalior in 1858, at the age of forty-four; of the Rev. D. W. Turner, for many years head-master of the Royal Institution School of Liverpool, the author of several contributions to educational literature, classical and modern, and an

indefatigable benefactor of the London poor; of Mr. Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, who, in conjunction with his relative, Mr. Gilchrist, invented what is known as the Gilchrist-Thomas process for the elimination of phosphorus from iron, the success of which rendered for the first time practicable the conversion of cheap and impure iron ores into serviceable steel, at the early age of thirty-four; and of Sir Robert Phillimore, "the last of the civilians," in his seventy-sixth year. He presided for many years over the Admiralty Court; and as Judge of the Court of Arches heard a number of ecclesiastical cases of importance, among them that of Martin v. Mackenzie. After the passing of the Judicature Act he sat as a Judge of the new Admiralty, Probate, and Division Court until his resignation in 1883.



THE TURF.—The publication of the weights and the acceptances for the Grand National, and the successful "cross-country" sport this week at Kempton Park, fairly land us in the second half of the steeplechasing and hurdle-racing season. On the Sunbury pastures, where the two days' racing were meteorologically enjoyable for the time of year, Gerona won the Grand Hurdle Race, though she was not as much fancied as Idea; and the unnamed son of Eleonora, who seemed not an unlikely candidate for the big Liverpool race, easily secured the Littleton Hunt Steeplechase. But notwithstanding his victory he was not as good a favourite for the Liverpool as before. The weights for this race may be said to have given satisfaction, and especially to the owners of those who are in at the minimum impost, 10 st., and of those, too, who figure between that and 10 st. 9 lbs. More than half the entries are within 7 lbs. of the minimum. But after all the handicap may only be what is called a flattering one, for, as an astute owner once observed, it was not the weight put on his own horse which was as much consequence to him as the weights put on others. The top-weight for the great chase is Voluptuary, last year's winner, who figures at 12 st. 7 lbs., an impost which, though seemingly severe, would not probably stop him if he has the confidence of his stable. The Irish lots look particularly formidable, and will doubtless supply some strong favourites before the eventful day. At the time of writing—just after the declaration of the acceptances—Mohican, Phantom, and Kilworth are the chief favourites. It may be noted that the American horse Sachem, who was entered for the Grand National, pulled up lame in a race at Manchester on Saturday last.

FOOTBALL.—The beginning of the end of the Association Challenge Cup contest may be said to have arrived, as only nine clubs are now left in out of the host that entered. Three of these are in the London or Home district, the Old Etonians, Old Carthusians, and Chatham; two in Lancashire, Church and the Blackburn Rovers; two at Nottingham, Notts County and Notts Forest; West Bromwich Albion; and Queen's Park. In the opinion of many good judges the last-named, who made such a gallant struggle for victory last year, are most likely to win the trophy.—For the London Association Cup the clubs left in are Upton Park and West End, who played a drawn game on Saturday last, Old Foresters and Hanover United.—University, St. Thomas's, Middlesex, St. George's, Bartholomew's, Westminster, and London, are the hospitals which have survived the first round of the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup. It will be remembered that these matches are decided by "points"—a touch-down counting one; a try ten; and a goal twenty-five.—More than 5,000 spectators witnessed the Association match at Derby, on Saturday last, between the North and South, which is looked on as a sort of trial match for the coming International games. A stubborn contest ended in favour of the North by two goals to one; and this is the first time the Northerners have beaten the South since the establishment of the fixture in the season of 1879-80.—Under Rugby Rules Lincolnshire has for the first time put a team in the field, but has been beaten by North Northamptonshire; and Lancashire has vanquished Durham.

SKATING.—Our skating champions went, saw, but did not conquer at the International tryst at Leeuwarden, in Friesland, last week. From all accounts the meeting was well managed, and made pleasant for visitors. The championship course was 1 mile 195 yards, and though four Dutchmen, of whom Bruinsma of Sneek was first, took the four first prizes, the quickest time in the race was done by Kingma of Gierkerk, in the heat in which he defeated our champion, "Fish" Smart—the record being 3 min. 31.35 sec. In all twenty-one Dutch, two Norwegian, one Canadian, and three Englishmen entered the lists.—There seems but little hope of our own home Championship being brought off this year, as meteorological records suggest that very seldom indeed do hard frosts occur in February, unless there have been such in the earlier part of the winter.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The American long-distance champion, Fitzgerald, has accepted Littlewood's challenge for a seventy-two hours' or six days' and nights' contest; but would prefer its decision coming off on this side of the "herring-pond."

LACROSSE.—Up Northwards, Sale and Aston on their own ground have beaten West Manchester; at Cambridge the University has succumbed to Kent; and in the Home district London has shown its superiority to Hampstead, though it must be admitted that the slippery state of the frozen ground on Kensal Green prevented the great majority of players from showing their usual form.

BILLIARDS.—Last week Mitchell, who has fairly established himself as second best to Roberts, and may one day be his superior, himself a runaway game with Peall; and Roberts was victorious over North in their 12,000 points up, spot-barred match.—It has been decided to play the Cook and Roberts Championship match at the Palais Royal, Argyll Street, on the 30th of next month. The spot-barred event of 12,000 up between the same players will be decided at the Westminster Aquarium during the Epsom Spring Meeting week.

CYLING.—The annual show of the well-known Stanley Club has been the best ever known, pretty nearly everything new on wheels having been on show in the big tent on the Thames Embankment, where Messrs. Moody and Sankey pitched their tabernacle. "Water Cycles" are likely to come to the front, if we may judge of recent experiments on the Thames by the veteran John Keen. The invention resembles a couple of wager boats placed four feet apart, the propeller being in the centre and worked by treads. Keen, with a friend, intends shortly to attempt a journey from Richmond to Oxford and back in two days, and then it is said he will essay to cross the Channel from Dover to Calais.

AQUATICS.—There have been but few changes in the crews at the Universities since our last mem., Pitman at Cambridge and Girlestone at Oxford both giving much satisfaction as strokes. The average stroke set by both in ordinary practice is about 28 per minute.—Henry Petersen, the Californian sculler, is said to be on his way to this country, where it is further reported he has found a backer to pit him against the best of our professionals.



THE HAIR is no longer to be worn high on the head in Paris. The "catogan" has again come into fashion—i.e., a single thick plait hanging low on the neck in the style of the old "queue."

THE ARCTIC EXPLORING VESSEL "ALERT," lent to the Americans by the British Government for the late Greely Relief Expedition, will probably be shortly returned to England. President Arthur has asked Congress for the necessary permission.

THE INAUGURATION of the new American President at Washington next March seems likely to be attended by the largest crowd yet seen in the political capital, owing to Democratic enthusiasm at the success of their party, and a Committee of Arrangements is already planning how to house the expected visitors. Sixteen halls have been taken in readiness, and 3,000 beds prepared, while the Committee will charge each occupant from 5s. to 8s. nightly.

PRINCE BISMARCK IS NOT SO WIDE AWAKE as he used to be, physically speaking, but begins to yield to the strain of long years' work and worry. Lately a deputation of Lübeck citizens whom he had invited to a conference and dinner waited in vain for their host, while Princess Bismarck entertained them for a whole hour. At last the Princess stole quietly into her husband's study, and found him sound asleep at his desk, quite oblivious of his guests.

THE PARIS SPARROWS AND PIGEONS have lost their best friend. The old gentleman, M. Bour, who for many years came daily to feed the birds in the Tuilleries Gardens, has just died from lung disease, contracted, it is said, by going out to feed his pets in bad weather. M. Bour was one of the most familiar Parisian characters, and might be seen every morning scattering crumbs, and surrounded by crowds of birds, which had grown tame as to perch on his head and take crumbs from his lips. He was a devoted antiquary.

THE PRESENT HARD TIMES AND INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION prevailing throughout Europe also affect Japan, where some of the thrifty inhabitants have taken economical domestic measures which might be copied nearer home. Round Osaka and in some parts of Southern Japan the people have subscribed to a strict code of regulations, entailing fines in case of breaking the rules. They agree that no three persons shall drink together, that tea shall replace all expensive beverages at wedding ceremonies, that at funerals only the relations of the deceased shall take refreshments, and that all shall make their own sandals. All other rites and ceremonies involving expense are temporarily suspended.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,885 deaths were registered against 1,817 during the previous seven days, a rise of 68, but being 51 below the average, and at the rate of 24.1 per 1,000. There were 29 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 14), 16 from measles (a fall of 4), 19 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 15 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 60 from whooping-cough (an increase of 36), 13 from enteric fever (a rise of 4), and 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 4). There were 1,147 small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals last Saturday against 1,092 the previous week. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 556, an increase of 23, and exceeded the average by 16. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths: 50 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 2 of labourers at leadworks from lead poisoning, and 16 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Two cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,727 births registered, against 2,803 during the previous week, being 107 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 43.6 deg., and 3.5 deg. above the average. Rain fell on five days to the aggregate amount of 0.58 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 5.5 hours against 6.3 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

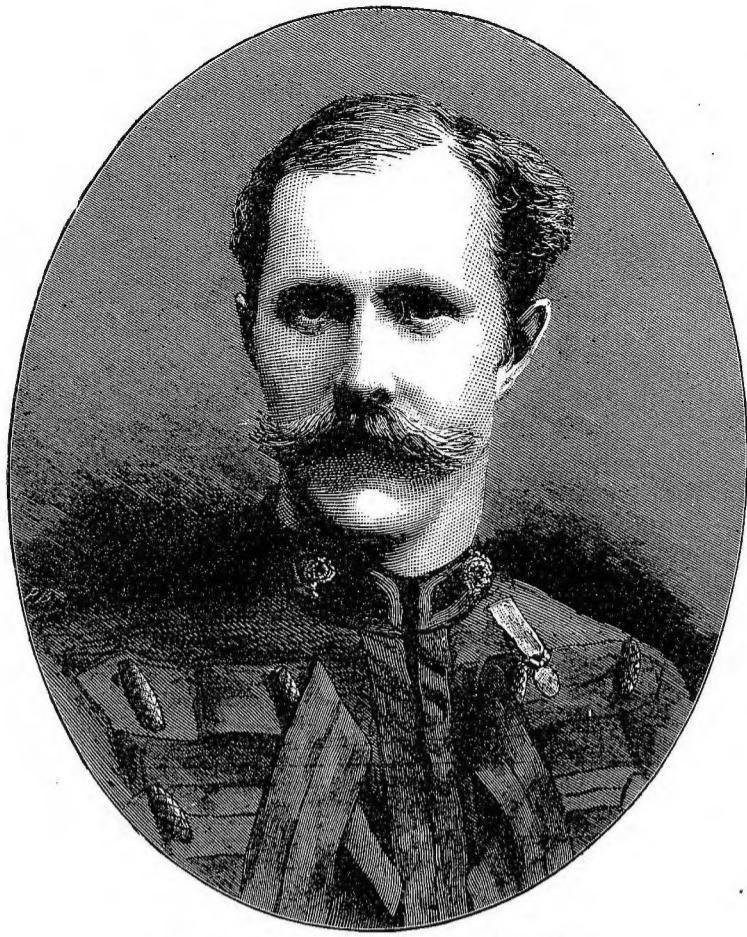
THE SPRING ART EXHIBITION SEASON IN PARIS has set in vigorously, and three important collections have been opened within the last ten days. The first inaugurated was at the Cercle de la Rue Volney—familiarly known as La Crémierie—where there is a remarkably fine collection of 161 pictures and pieces of sculpture, contributed by the best French artists, such as Bonnat, Henner, Bouguereau, Carolus Duran, and others, while the landscape portion is especially strong. The Mirlitons' Exhibition, which followed on Monday, is equally good, except, perhaps, as regards landscapes, but the portraits by Baudry and Carolus Duran are greatly admired, as well as two *genre* pictures by the actor M. Worms, and one of M. Berne-Bellecour's favourite war scenes of the Franco-Prussian campaign. The Watercolour Society opened their Seventh Exhibition on Tuesday, and, thanks to their recent practice of admitting works from non-members of the Society, the selection is unusually varied, and one of the best of recent years. M. J. P. Laurent sends a curious series of Merovingian designs, and M. Detaille numerous sketches of Russian army types, the fruit of his late tour; Madame Madeline Lemaire carries off the palm among the lady artists for fruit and flower groups; and Mr. J. L. Brown's equestrian scenes are spirited and amusing. *Apropos* of Art in Paris, the Louvre has just acquired four valuable Old Masters. Three are by Franz Hals, dated 1629, bought from the Harlem Hospital for 4,000/, and represent various members of the Beeresteyn family, who founded the Hospital. The fourth is the only work known of the old French painter, Jean Perreal, artist and confidential valet to Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., a well-known figure at the close of the fifteenth century. It represents the betrothal of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany, and is the gift of a French collector.

THE PROPOSED BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT ATHENS at last seems likely to become a reality, after the scheme has been repeatedly advocated for the last two years. Sufficient funds—4,000/—are now in hand to erect a suitable building on the site given by the Greek Government—i.e., a house, accommodating a director, and with a large room for library—and to provide the nucleus of a reference library. Nearly two acres of ground have been given for this purpose, worth some 2,700/., the site being on the southern slope of Mount Lycabettus, with a fine view of Mount Hymettus in front, and of the Bay of Phaleron and the Island of Aegina to the right. The first aim of the school will be to promote all branches of archaeological research, from the earliest period to modern days, including the study of Greek art and architecture in their remains, the exploration of ancient sites, tracing of roads, and study of inscriptions. The resident director will supervise and assist the students, make a yearly report of progress, edit publications of the school, and report discoveries, besides helping English travellers. Considering that Germany and France have each a flourishing school of this kind at Athens, and that the American school founded there three years ago is being reorganised and enlarged, it is time that England should bestir herself. This was forcibly pointed out at a large meeting of the promoters of the scheme held on Monday. An appeal for assistance is now to be made to all public bodies likely to be interested in the proposed school.—Speaking of Greek archaeology, the excavations at the Acropolis have just laid bare the foundations of the Propylaea, including a number of tufa sheds, which must have been there when the Propylaea was built, 430 B.C., and were incorporated in the foundations. Many of these sheds are beautifully preserved, and the paintings which decorated them are quite fresh.

**MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B.**

HERBERT STEWART, who was born in 1842, was, as a schoolboy at Winchester, a famous cricketer and football player, and in less than three years after he had entered the army he was adjutant of the infantry corps which he had joined in 1863. Thence he exchanged into the cavalry, entered the Staff College, and passed with credit and distinction. Stewart was constantly employed during the Zulu War, first as brigade major of cavalry and then as Chief of the Staff to Baker Russell in the storming of Sekukuni's stronghold. When the first Egyptian War began, Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley, who had noted Stewart's good qualities, appointed him to the staff of Sir Drury-Lowe, who had command of the First Cavalry Division. Indeed, the preparations for the Expedition were in great measure shaped upon the counsel which Stewart afforded. One of the most stirring incidents of the campaign was General Drury-Lowe's ride through the desert to Cairo, after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. When the Egyptians sent out a white flag to meet the advancing British force, it was Colonel Stewart who, at the head of a hundred Lancers and Dragoons, received the surrender of the Citadel, and it was to him that Arabi Pasha offered to give up his sword. Sir Garnet Wolseley spoke of him officially at this time as "One of the best Staff officers I have ever known." When General Graham went to Suakin he was accompanied by Stewart, who, with his horsemen, bore a conspicuous part in retrieving the fortunes of the day at Tamasi, when the Arab charge broke the first square. When the Nile Expedition was organised last autumn General Stewart was attached to Lord Wolseley's Staff on special service.

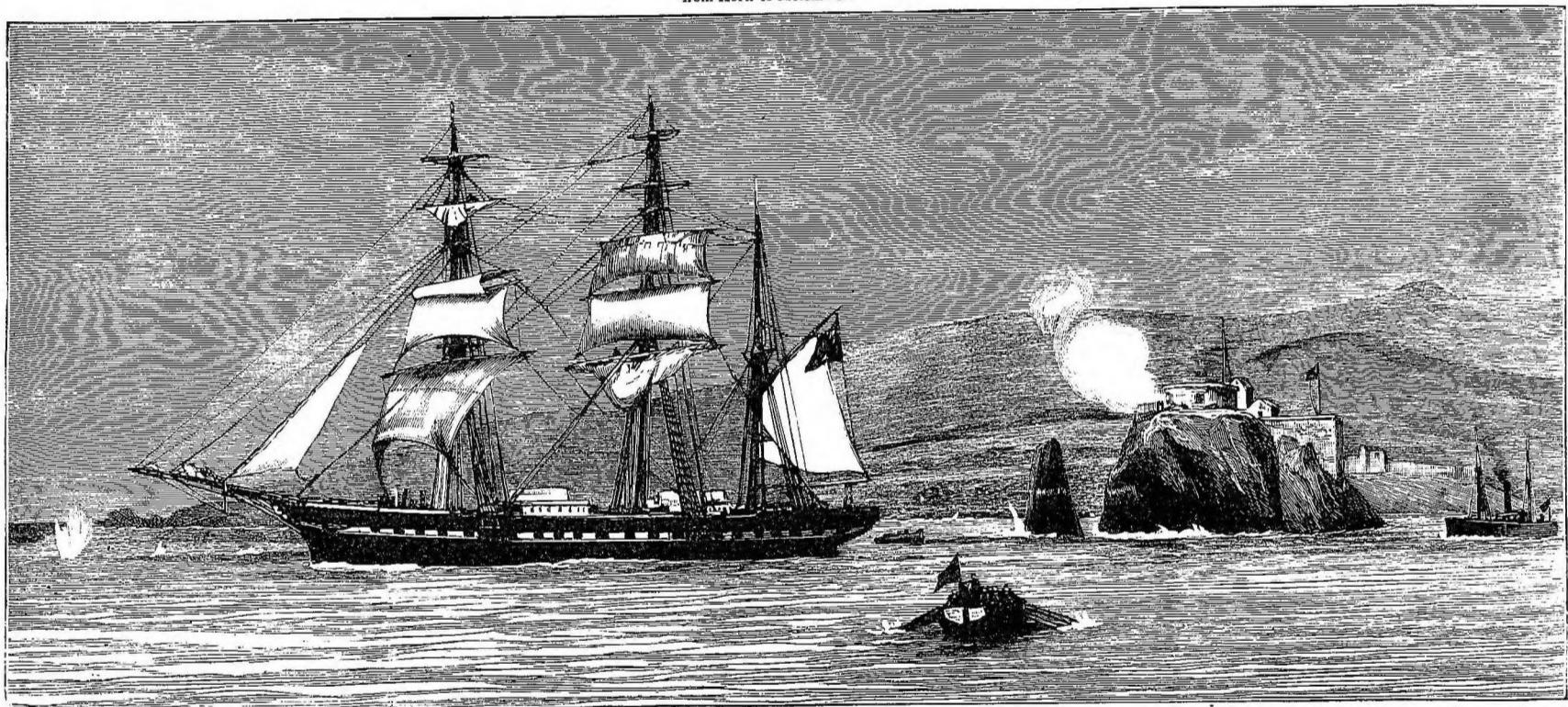
General Stewart's march across the desert



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B.  
Commander of the Column which has Marched  
from Korti to Metemmeh

from Korti to the Nile at Metemmeh will undoubtedly rank among the famous achievements of modern warfare. After the Battle of Abu Klea, he thus concludes his report:—"It has been my duty to command a force from which exceptional work, exceptional hardships, and exceptional fighting has been called for. I cannot adequately describe the admirable support that has been given to me by every officer and man of the force." And Lord Wolseley says, on the same occasion:—"General Stewart's operations have been most creditable to him as a commander, and the nation has every reason to be proud of the gallantry and splendid spirit displayed by her Majesty's soldiers on this occasion."

Hitherto the General had escaped unscathed, but personal misfortune was about to follow. His troops, much worn with hard fighting, did not leave Abu Klea till 4 P.M. on January 18th. After marching nearly all night, they halted for breakfast at 7 A.M., on the 19th, at a spot about five miles south of Metemmeh, and three or four miles from the Nile. Here the enemy appeared in force on the ridge in front, and our soldiers, while constructing a zeriba, were much harassed by a well-directed fire from sharpshooters concealed by bushes and grass. This firing caused nearly half the total loss sustained on that day. It was then that the correspondents, Messrs. Cameron and Herbert, were killed, and General Stewart was severely wounded in the abdomen. The command then devolved on Sir Charles Wilson. After the junction with General Gordon's steamers had been effected, General Stewart and Lieutenant Crutchley were placed on board one of these vessels, with every requirement to facilitate recovery. By the last accounts the General was progressing favourably, and was suffering comparatively little pain. No attempt had up to that time been made to extract the bullet.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street, S.W.



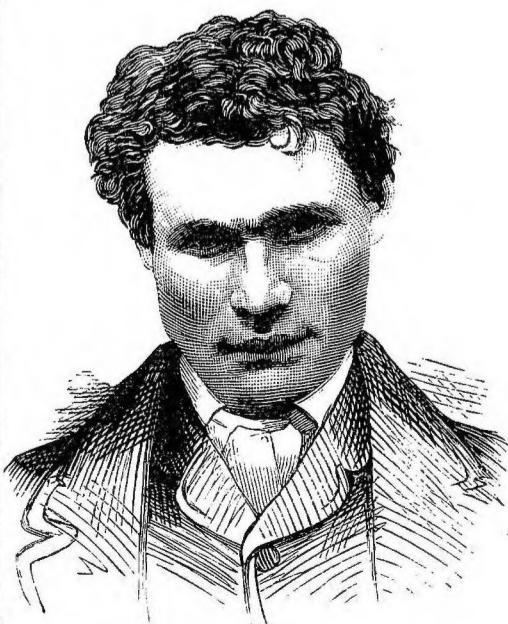
A PORTUGUESE CUSTOM-HOUSE DIFFICULTY — THE YACHT "TYBURNIA" LEAVING MADEIRA UNDER FIRE FROM THE  
Guard Boats The Loo Rock Portuguese Customs Steamer  
LOO ROCK



POLICE-CONSTABLE COLE  
Awarded the Albert Medal for his Gallantry in Removing the  
Dynamite from the Crypt in Westminster Hall



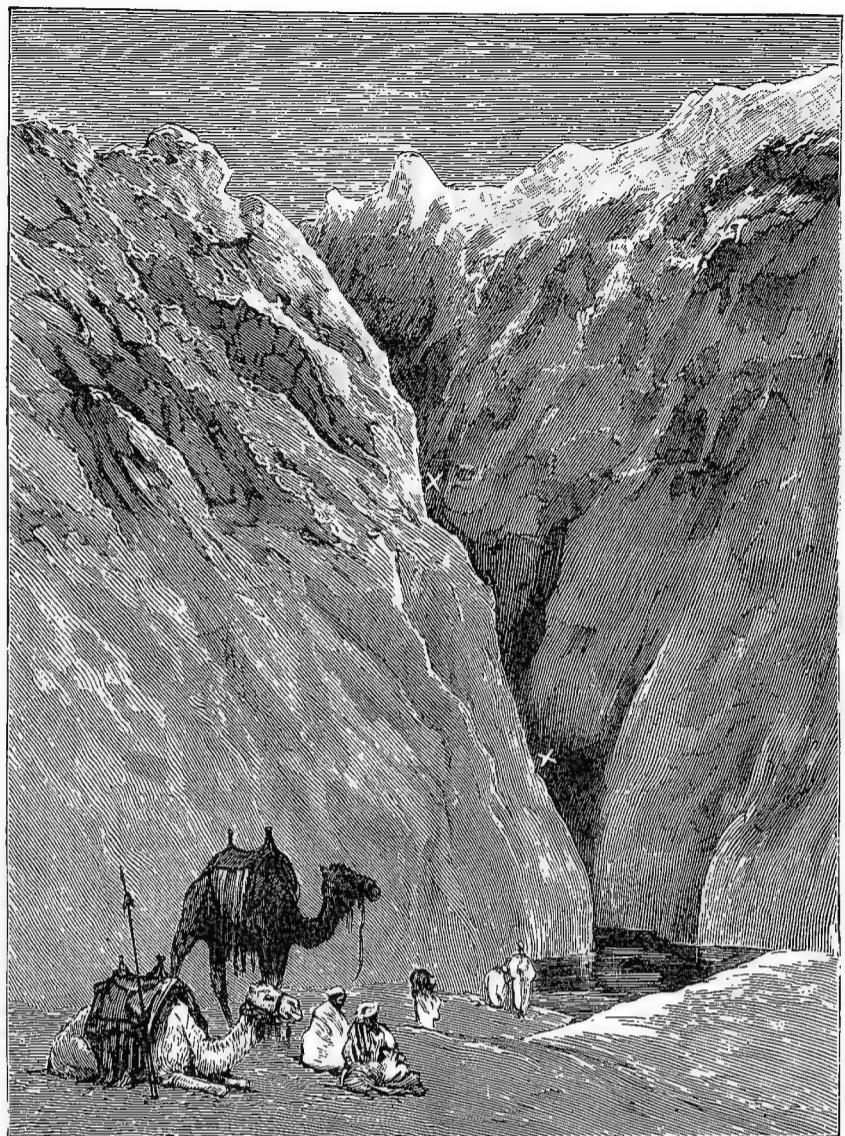
MAJOR LUDOVICK MONTEFIORE CARMICHAEL AND  
HIS ONLY CHILD  
Major Carmichael, 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, was Killed at the  
Abu Klea Wells, January 17



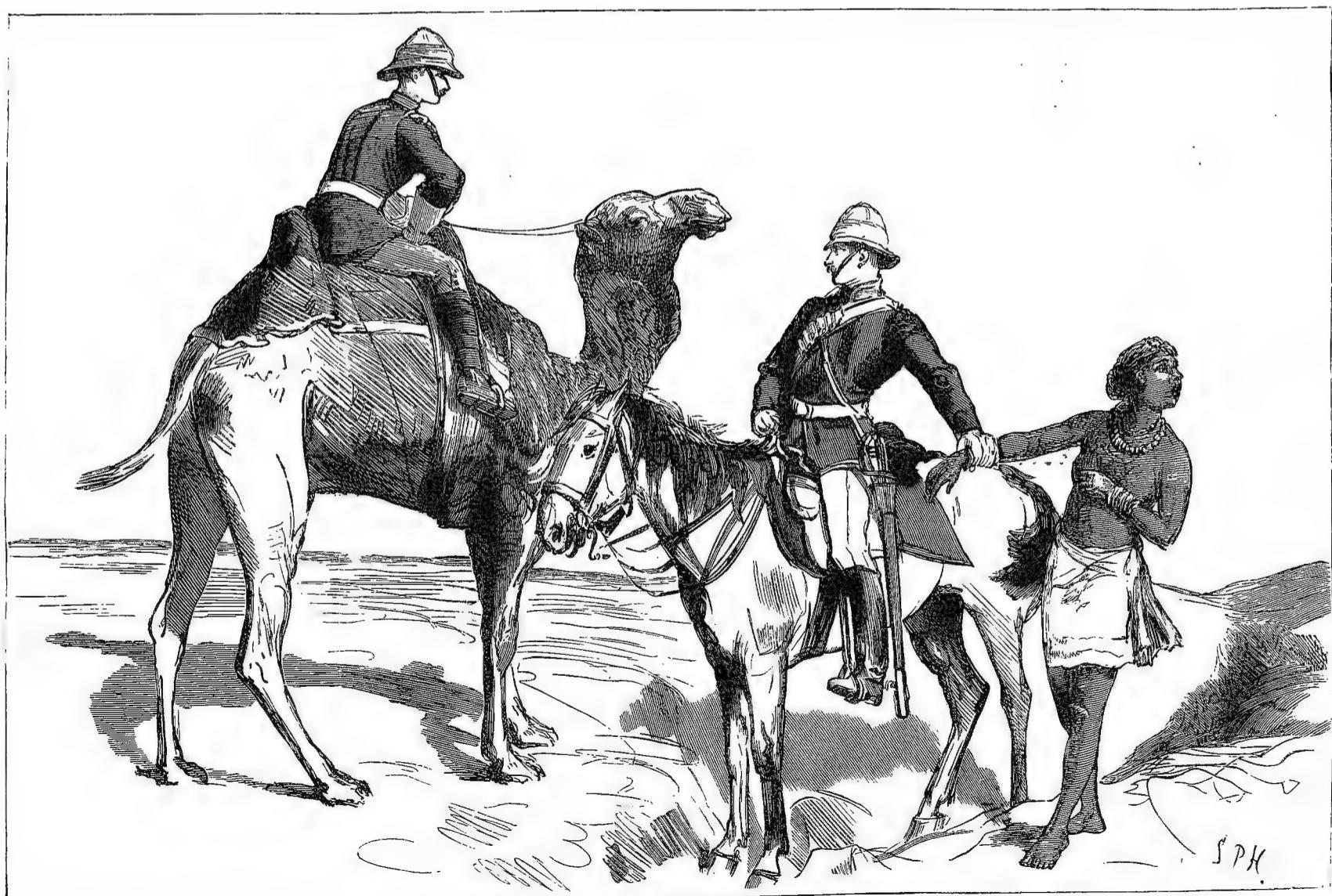
JAMES GILBERT CUNNINGHAM, ALIAS GILBERT,  
ALIAS DALTON  
Arrested at the Tower of London on Suspicion of Being  
Concerned in the Dynamite Explosion

# THE MARCH TO THE GAKDUL WELLS

**O**N TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30TH, the operations of the Nile Expedition entered upon a new phase. As far as Korti the advance had been conducted by the river, but there Lord Wolseley decided to divide his little force into two portions—one, under General Earle, to continue the river route, the other, under General Sir Herbert Stewart, to strike across the Bayuda Desert to Metemmeh on the Nile, where Gordon's steamers were expected to be in waiting. The total distance across the desert between Korti and Metemmeh is 172 miles, and it was judged prudent to establish a dépôt of stores and ammunition at the Gakdul Wells—a distance of ninety-six miles from Korti, and seventy-six miles from the Nile. At Gakdul there is a plentiful supply of water in natural rocky reservoirs, and moreover the spot is capable of being made practically impregnable with comparatively little trouble. Accordingly, on December 30th, Sir Herbert Stewart started from Korti with a convoy of 1,000 baggage camels escorted by a thousand troops on camels and a detachment of the 19th Hussars, under Captain Fanshawe. The little force started in the afternoon, the Guards leading the way; next came the baggage camels, each three led by camel men; then the Heavy and Light Cavalry, a light rocket battery, the Commissariat Camels, the Mounted Infantry bringing up the rear, and the Hussars scouting in front and on the flank. The column was headed by Major Kitchener and the native guides—half-a-dozen Bedouins belonging to the nearest village, and under the leadership of the son of the old King of Ambukol, dispossessed when the Turks first occupied the country. Lord Wolseley inspected the force on its march, and accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart for some distance. With the exception of a short halt, the march was continued throughout the night, the moon fortunately being up, and giving abundance of light. "On through the moonlight," wrote the late Mr. Cameron, in a letter to the *Standard*, published last Saturday, "the strange, weirdlike throng of men and camels penetrated, halting only at short intervals for stragglers to come up, until half-past eight in the morning. Grazing for the camels there was in plenty, but no water, and no sleep for the men." Our sketch of "Waiting for the Moon to Rise" represents one of these halts, and Mr. Villiers writes: "Leaving the Nile about 2 P.M., Sir Herbert Stewart halted at sunset for the men to cook their tea, and then marched throughout the night by the light of the moon, arriving at the first oasis, Abu Neshik, about nine in the morning, a distance of 34 miles." Of the sketch, "A Consultation of the Guides," he writes: "Major Kitchener took charge of the Guides on the march across the desert, and these men, guarded by a strong escort, led the way to the first wells." At three o'clock the expedition was again on foot, and the march was continued, the formation throughout being column of companies, and the force being so distributed that in two minutes three squares could be formed in échelon to resist any attack. In the evening the first wells were reached, but there being very little water, the march was continued up to midnight; the New Year being ushered in by the troops with loud cheering. The wells of El Howzel were then reached, and a halt made until eight o'clock on New Year's morning, when the march was resumed, the troops capturing a quantity of spoil, and making several natives prisoners. Captain Fanshawe and his Hussars also captured a party of a man, his wife, and some boys. The man turned out to be a prominent Sheik, named Abu Loola, a noted robber for whose head the Mudir of Dongola had offered 1,000 dollars. The military officer who sends us the sketch writes: "The brigand was found hiding in the grass by a scout of the 19th Hussars. He was disarmed and brought in. His wife was discovered, and bolted like a rabbit, but was eventually caught." The mounted infantry under Major Walsh subsequently surprised another party of natives, two of whom wore the Mahdi's uniform—a long coat with blue and white trimming, and a similarly decorated skull cap. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 2nd Gakdul Wells were reached, and the men were able at last to slake their thirst to their heart's content with the sweet and cool water of the Wells, the march having been accomplished without the loss of a single man and of only a score of camels. After a few hours' rest the baggage camels were unloaded; and, a strong garrison being left in charge under Colonel Boscowen, General Stewart started on his return to Korti, taking the unladen camels with him. Gakdul



THE GAKDUL WELLS  
From a Sketch by a Military Officer  
(The Crosses Mark the Positions of the Pools)



A BRIGAND'S WIFE CAUGHT BY A SCOUT, AND LED BEFORE SIR HERBERT STEWART  
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER

Wells, as we have said, are three in number, and are situated one above the other at the northerly end of a stony basin encircled by ranges of hills stretching far into the Bayuda Desert. The water in the lowest pool was not fit for human consumption, and was used for the camels, which are watered every night. To get good drinkable water the men at first had to climb up 150 feet, and then clamber down to the second basin. Pumps and hose, however, were speedily erected, bringing the water from the upper reservoir to a lower level. The supply of drinkable water is stated to be ample, there being about 600,000 gallons; but the quantity, being only collected rain, is exhaustible. Two redoubts, planned by Major Doward, were constructed—one commanding the entrance to the Wells, the other overlooking the Wells themselves and the stores and provisions.



From EGYPT, just as this journal is going to press, the most serious news comes from Lord Wolseley, who has telegraphed that when Sir Charles Wilson arrived at Khartoum he found that treachery had given the city into the hands of the Mahdi—General Gordon being presumably a prisoner. Owing to General Stewart's wound, he has been succeeded by Sir Redvers Buller, who is replaced as Lord Wolseley's Chief of the Staff by Sir Evelyn Wood, the command of the Egyptian army being taken over by Brigadier-General Grenfell. This officer had charge of the lines of communication on the Nile, and is succeeded by Colonel Clery. The last whale with the troops from Wady Halfa has arrived at Korti, so that Lord Wolseley has now his whole force in the field. He has sent the Royal Irish Regiment across the desert to Gubat, and is not unlikely to follow himself shortly. Lord Wolseley has awarded his prize of 100,000 to this regiment for having made the best time in ascending the Nile from Sarras to Debbeh. His telegrams this week, however, mainly relate to General Earle and his detachments which, after surmounting the difficulties of the Bakak and Mashami Cataracts, occupied Birtch on Monday without opposition, the enemy having completely deserted the town and retreated to Berber. The advance of this column has been very slow, only thirty miles in a week, but the river difficulties have been very severe, while the greatest care has been exercised to prevent any surprise. At night the troops camp in zerbias along the line of river occupied by the boats. Every precaution is taken against a night attack, and heliograph—or, rather, selenograph—signals are kept up by moonlight. On Monday, Hussein, the stoker of Colonel Stewart's steamer, escaped from the enemy and reached Earle's camp. He confirmed the account of the murders of Stewart and Power, and stated that a number of the crew were still prisoners at Berber. Wada and Ali, two uncles of the leader of the Monassir tribe, Suleiman Wad Gamr, also came in; and another deserter from the enemy brought the news, now proved to be false, that the Emir of Berber had received a letter from the Mahdi announcing that the British were in communication with Khartoum, and had sent Gordon troops and provisions, thus pointing to the arrival there of Sir Charles Wilson. No further opposition is expected to be encountered by General Earle until Berber is reached, and on his arrival at Abu Hamed he will open communication across the desert to Koroeko.

At Suakin there has been some brisk fighting. On Sunday, with a portion of the Berkshire Regiment, which he had received as reinforcements, General Fremantle made a reconnaissance in force towards Kasheem. The enemy were discovered in large numbers and in a strong position. Our troops tried to draw them into the open, but, evidently appreciating recent lessons, they declined to come out, and after shelling the position for a while, the troops returned to Suakin. On Tuesday a small detachment of eighty troopers, half Hussars and half Egyptian cavalry, rode to Handub and burnt the huts, and destroyed the ammunition found there. Their return was opposed by a force of 5,000 of the enemy. After some difficulty our men succeeded in turning the enemy's flank under heavy fire—eight Hussars and three Egyptians being killed. This exploit has been criticised as exceedingly rash, and the officer is stated to have exceeded his instructions. Other news from Suakin relate to the Abyssinian frontier, whence Colonel Chermside has now returned. The tribes have sent through him a convoy of 350 camels to Kassala, where they have arrived after having been unsuccessfully attacked by the rebels. A force of 5,000 Abyssinians has been sent out to the assistance of the garrison of Galabat and Geerah, and King John is said to be arranging for the despatch of an army to co-operate with General Gordon at Khartoum.

There is nothing fresh to tell about the negotiations for the definitive settlement of Egypt, save that England is generally believed to have rejected the proposal for a Commission of Inquiry, but to have accepted the remainder of the French counter-proposals as a basis for further negotiations. The European comments upon the battle of the 19th ult. have been universally favourable, even our journalistic foe, the *Cologne Gazette*, thus bearing testimony to British bravery:—"General Stewart's bold advance again reminds the world that the same manly energy and dashing determination still live in the British race which have raised England to be the greatest civilising Power on the earth. . . . One cannot refuse to admire and sympathise with the men who know how to strike their enemies with the rapidity of lightning and the precision of a well-invented engine. For centuries England has learned how semi-savage nations can and must be dealt with. Englishmen have not passed through this school in vain, and we Germans have still to learn much from them in this respect."

GERMANY, however, is already learning her lesson in African colonisation by some sharp fighting in the Cameroon district. The natives there are greatly opposed to German annexation, and even flogged their King, who signed the treaty, half his chiefs refusing to sign it, though promised handsome pay. Moreover, considerable hostility was shown to the Teutonic colonists—so much so, indeed, that a little expedition had to be undertaken to chastise the offenders. Thus, on December 18th, two German men-of-war arrived off the mouth of the river, and several boats and launches were despatched up the river to the town of Hickory, where the houses were fired, despite the opposition of the natives, who were armed with rifles. At Fort Town, lower down, a German agent, Herr Pontanies, was seized by the chiefs, who threatened that if any of their people were killed his life would be sacrificed. The Germans at once attacked the town, and a brisk engagement ensued, with considerable loss on both sides. The chiefs were as good as their word, executed Herr Pontanies, and carried his head on a pole, finally retreating to the bush, the Germans burning down the town. The Germans subsequently searched all the neutral shipping for fugitives, but failed to find any. The English factories suffered severely from the shelling, as also the Baptist missionary station, where numerous women and children were killed. The Germans accuse the English merchants of using undue influence with the natives, who now decline to have any dealings with German traders, and the King of Opobo, Ja-Ja, has signed a treaty placing eight rivers and adjacent territories under the protection of Great Britain. This monarch's Prime Minister is a Kentucky woman, named Emma Johnson, who emigrated thither from Liberia,

and, being possessed of the rudiments of education, and what is described as a wonderful flow of speech, has become a very powerful personage.

Meanwhile the West African Conference is still deliberating at Berlin. Very little, however, has been done this week, but the members have unanimously endorsed Earl Granville's interpretation of the fourth protocol—namely, that the abolition of import duties is not limited to the term of twenty years, but that the much-discussed clause in question only aims at enabling the Powers to decide at the end of that period whether the prohibition should or should not be continued. The deliberations of the Conference are somewhat delayed by the inability of Portugal and the International Association to come to an agreement, Portugal refusing to make any concessions. Indeed, according to a private telegram, she has taken forcible possession of the mouth of the Congo, and a colour of truth is given to this by an extremely vague ministerial answer in the Lisbon Parliament. On the East Coast the Italians, with the sanction of England, are unobtrusively taking possession of the Assab district. They have occupied Beilul, forty miles north of Assab, and the squadron which has been despatched thither from Italy has touched at Suakin on its way. Its movements are being closely watched by a French gunboat, for it is generally believed that Massowah is the ultimate destination of the expedition, and that the Italian troops will co-operate with the English forces, and secure the pacification of the Soudan. Thus it is not surprising that Turkey has protested against Italy's action—both to Italy herself and to England.

To turn to Europe once more, FRANCE has been wonderfully quiet of late, politically speaking, and the Chambers have been mainly discussing finance, and a project for selling the State Railways to private companies, which was rejected by a large majority. There have been some more Socialist meetings, and on Monday some little uneasiness was created by the arrival at the Chamber of a deputation from Lyons of workmen, who asked to see the member for that town. They were refused admittance to the Chamber, but four of their number were ultimately permitted to interview four Radical Deputies, to whom they detailed their grievances. The Deputies then agreed to confer with the delegates, but it is feared that this may establish a precedent for the visit of unlimited workmen's delegations, as in the days of the old Convention. There is little fresh news from China, where the commanders of the French forces seem unable yet to make any decisive move. There has been a little fighting, however, at Kelung. On their side the Chinese have sentenced to death the ex-governors of Yunnan and Kuangsi for having permitted Bac Ninh to be captured by the French, while Chang Peelin has been summoned to Pekin to be tried for cowardice at the bombardment of Foochow. In Paris the funeral of Commander Rivière, whose murder in Tonquin brought about the present expedition, has been celebrated at the Madeleine with all military honours. There are no other news items of interest save the death of M. Dupuy de Lôme. He was a naval engineer of great ability, and had learned his profession in England. He designed the first steam frigate, *La Gloire*.

In ITALY, while the Government is assuring the country that an agreement exists on the Egyptian question with England, and the lay journals are enthusiastically praising the bravery of her troops, and reminding their readers of the services England has rendered to Italian freedom, the Papal official organ, the *Moniteur de Rome*, has suddenly warmly espoused the cause of Mr. Parnell. While denouncing the dynamitards, and repudiating all connivance with their acts, the writer remarks that it would be a cruel injustice to confound the Fenianism of the dynamite faction with the national Irish movement, and urges that Mr. Parnell has been using every effort to keep the Irish movement on legal and constitutional grounds. Then follows a significant warning to England that she has already experienced the efficacy of the Church and Papacy in the Irish question, and that "the more she relies upon those precious influences, the more she will contribute to the establishment of social peace and internal security at home." On Wednesday the journal harped back a little, and remarked that Mr. Parnell would do well to repudiate all sympathy with the dynamitards, but the whole tone of the journal evinces that the Pope is probably apprehensive of the new Anglo-Italian alliance, and it is stated that His Holiness has been very much annoyed that Mr. Errington has not been officially accredited to the Vatican as British Plenipotentiary. Further accounts from the North of Italy give the most heartrending accounts of the destruction wrought by the recent avalanches, some houses being buried beneath the snow forty-eight hours before their inmates could be rescued.

In INDIA Lord Dufferin has been speaking at the Calcutta Trades Dinner, and remarking that as great anxiety had been evinced with regard to the principles on which his future policy would be guided, he declared that "they were those ancient principles by which the British Empire had been founded, and which had been vindicated by his predecessors, namely, that impartiality between all classes and races, which refuses to be intimidated by criticism or cajoled by flattery, and the desire to spread among all the Indian subjects of the Queen prosperity, contentment, wealth, education, professional advancement, free scope for municipal institutions, and every other privilege compatible with effectual government and authoritative supremacy." The dilatoriness of Russia in sending her delegates to meet with the Afghan Frontier Commission, and at the same time her energy in pushing forward and concentrating her troops in the neighbourhood is causing more and more uneasiness, particularly when taken in conjunction with the alleged movements of Persian troops on the frontier.

Great excitement has been caused in the UNITED STATES by the shooting, in New York, of O'Donovan Rossa by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Lucilla Yseult Dudley. On Monday afternoon, while Rossa was in Chambers Street, and talking to Mrs. Dudley, she fired a revolver at him. Rossa threw up his arms, and fell to the ground, exclaiming "I am shot!" Mrs. Dudley fired the remainder of the barrels, and then quietly allowed herself to be arrested and taken to the police station. Rossa, who had been wounded in the back, was able to walk to the hospital, where he was placed in the same ward as Phelan, who was recently shot in Rossa's office. Mrs. Dudley is a nurse at one of the hospitals, and has been noted for denunciation of the dynamitards, and of Rossa in particular. "He should be shot," she exclaimed, when hearing of the recent explosions at the Tower and Westminster. She then laid a trap for Rossa, and, writing to him that she was interested in the Irish cause, obtained an interview with him on Saturday. She told him that she could contribute a large sum of money if anything could be done, and that she would call again on Monday. She accordingly met him that afternoon in the street, and, while showing him a receipt which he was to sign when he received the money, fired at him. Mrs. Dudley is thought to be very well connected in England, and to be identical with a Miss Dudley who twice attempted to poison herself in a railway carriage with chloroform and opium, and who was subsequently relegated for a time to a lunatic asylum. Being asked at the police station why she had shot Rossa, she replied, "Because I am an Englishwoman," and in a subsequent interview with a reporter added, "This man is the chief instrument here by which funds have been raised for murdering helpless women and innocent children. I felt that it was only justice that he should fall by a woman's hand. I am only sorry that I did not succeed." She was arraigned at Tombs Police Court on Tuesday, and was remanded until the extent of Rossa's injuries could be ascertained. The wounded man appears to be doing well, and is

already out of his bed. The bullet, however, has not been extracted from his shoulder. The news of the affair created the most intense excitement throughout New York, and the utmost sympathy is evinced towards Mrs. Dudley, no pity whatever being extended to Rossa. "He cannot condemn the slayer," remarks the *New York Times*, "sauce for the tyrannical Saxon goose must be sause for the oppressed Celtic gander." The Extreme Irish faction are, of course, highly indignant at the attempt on Rossa, which they attribute to the instigation of the British Government, and a breach is imminent between the Moderate and Dynamite Irish sections. Indeed, at a Socialist meeting on Monday night, the two parties came to blows, and a free fight ensued, which was only quelled by the police. The Moderates had wished to protest against the employment of dynamite, and to denounce the authors of the London outrages. Turning to political matters, the Nicaraguan Treaty has been rejected in the Senate, and now Mr. Sherman has proposed an amendment demanding the abrogation or the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as a condition precedent to the execution of the Nicaraguan Convention.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, Lord Lansdowne has opened the Dominion Parliament in CANADA with a speech announcing that several measures of importance would be introduced, and that the revenue had exceeded the expenditure chargeable to the consolidated revenues.—From AUSTRALIA we hear of a terrible railway disaster near Wagga-Wagga through the flooding of the line. Forty passengers were killed, and many more injured.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir Charles Warren met President Kruger last week on the border. Mr. Mackenzie and Commissioner Rhodes were present. A boundary is to be defined at once by a Mixed Commission. Sir Charles Warren will not admit any rights of the Goshenites, whom he regards as squatters, and has warned them to leave the territory without delay. In Pondoland Umquikela is said to be greatly supported at the proclamation of the British Protectorate over the Pondo Coast.



THE THREE NEW EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS seem designed to gratify the three parties in the English Church. Broad Churchmen must be pleased with the translation of a quondam Essayist and Reviewer, in the person of Dr. Temple, from Exeter to the most important of all save archiepiscopal Sees, that of London. The elevation of Dr. Bickersteth, after a brief tenure of the Deanery of Gloucester, to the Bishopric of Exeter, is a reply to the natural complaint of the Evangelicals that during Mr. Gladstone's successive Premierships their claims to representation on the Episcopal Bench has been ignored. The Rev. Canon King, Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford, where his benignity of disposition has won him golden opinions from all sorts of men, is a decided High Churchman without being a Ritualist, and his elevation gives great satisfaction to the High Church party.

DR. TEMPLE is the Broad Churchman whom Mr. Gladstone was most delighted to honour. It was the present Prime Minister who made him Bishop of Exeter, the seeming singularity of the step being accounted for at the time by the circumstance that he had vigorously supported the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Since the clamour raised by his contribution to "Essays and Reviews" Dr. Temple has mainly restricted himself to Diocesan work, in which he has shown great administrative capacity. His one conspicuous publication since was the recent one of the Bampton Lectures, which he delivered last year, choosing for his subject, "The Relations between Religion and Science." As Bampton Lecturer he accepted generally the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, maintaining, to quote his own words, that "it leaves the argument for an intelligent Creator and Governor of the World stronger than it was before." Despite the general orthodoxy of the volume, a minute criticism can detect in the use of such an expression as "the allegory of the Garden of Eden," an evidence of the survival of Broad Church phraseology. In the secular sphere of things Dr. Temple has been a prominent and earnest advocate of the Temperance Cause, which, addressing this week the Exeter Total Abstinence Society, he asked his audience to believe would be as dear to his heart as ever.

SIR WILLIAM MUIR, the newly-elected Principal of Edinburgh University, is described as an earnest Evangelical, who has frequently presided at the committee meetings of the Church Missionary Society.

ACCORDING to a carefully-compiled statistical statement, just published, between 1851 and 1884 the number of places of worship belonging to the Congregational body in England and Wales has increased by rather more than 1,000,—3,244 to 4,347, and the total accommodation by rather more than a half-million sittings, from 1,070,746 to 1,570,746.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice return to Windsor from the Isle of Wight about Saturday next, and will remain a month at the Castle before starting for Germany at the end of March. Meanwhile the Prince of Wales has been staying at Osborne with Her Majesty, and Prince Leiningen has also been among the Royal visitors. The Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson arrived on Saturday, and dined with the Queen, while next morning the Dean officiated at Divine Service before Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice. Subsequently Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg joined the Royal party at lunch. On Monday night the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson again dined with the Queen, and next morning they left Osborne.—The Queen has appointed Lady Cust a Woman of the Bed-Chamber in Ordinary, to replace Lady Codrington, who has resigned.

The Prince of Wales has gone to the South of France for a fortnight. He returned to town at the end of last week, being joined by the Princess from Sandringham, while on Saturday Prince Albert Victor came up from Cambridge, and Prince George from Greenwich. During the morning the Prince of Wales visited Westminster Hall and the House of Commons to inspect the damage resulting from the late dynamite explosions, and Prince Albert Victor received the Italian Ambassador and the Spanish and the Roumanian Ministers, who presented him, on their Sovereigns' behalf, with the insignia of the highest Orders of their respective countries, in honour of the Prince's majority. Princess Christian and her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Albany, and the Duke of Edinburgh lunched with the Prince and Princess, and subsequently the Prince of Wales visited Mr. Boehm's studio to see the sketch of the proposed statue of the Duke of Wellington, while Prince Albert Victor went to Whitechapel to open the Whittington Club and

Chambers for Boys. There he inspected the premises and made a short speech to the boys. In the evening the Prince and Princess and their sons went to Drury Lane Theatre. On Sunday morning the Royal party attended Divine Service, and entertained Princess Louise, and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge took lunch. The Prince of Wales left town in the evening, accompanied by Prince George and the Duke of Edinburgh, the young Prince going back to Greenwich, while the Duke left the train at Ashford. The Prince of Wales crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne, and reached Paris on Monday morning, where he received Lord Lyons at lunch, exchanged calls with President Grévy, and visited several Art exhibitions. In the evening he went to see *Théodora*, and on Tuesday left Paris for Cannes, where he arrived on Wednesday afternoon. The Princess has gone back to Sandringham. The Prince and Princess will be present, on March 4th, at a ball given by the Hon. Artillery Company. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, have been invited by the Brighton Town Council to attend the Easter Review.—Prince Albert Victor has returned to Cambridge.

The Duke of Edinburgh came to town on Saturday from Eastwell, where he played in the band as usual.—Prince and Princess Christian have gone to Germany, chiefly to attend the marriage of their niece, Princess Caroline of Slesvig-Holstein, with Prince Ferdinand of Glücksburg.—On arriving in England in April from India, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will go straight to Osborne to join the Queen and their children. The Duke has become President of the City and Port of London District of St. John's Ambulance Institution.—When recently staying at Eastbourne, Princess Irene of Hesse took much interest in a young man in the Princess Alice Hospital who had lost both legs and one arm. The Princess has now written to the patient enclosing a portrait of her mother as a recognition of his patience under extreme suffering.—Various royal marriages are being rumoured on the Continent. It is said that Prince Alexander of Bulgaria wishes to marry the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the German Crown Prince and Princess, and that Prince Henry of Battenberg's present visit to Bulgaria is partially connected with his brother's suit. Princess Marie of the Netherlands, widow of Prince Henry and eldest sister of the Duchess of Connaught, has been betrothed to Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg; while the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, youngest brother of the Duchess of Edinburgh, is engaged to the Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King of Greece. The last marriage will not take place yet, however, as the bride-elect is only fourteen.—The German Crown Prince and Princess were nearly run over last week while walking in the Park at Berlin. A carriage came suddenly round the corner as they crossed the road, and the Prince was obliged to seize the horse's head to avoid being knocked down.



**ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.**—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh resumed his place as leader of the Royal Amateur Orchestra at the opening concert of the thirteenth season, given at the Albert Hall on Saturday night. In times gone by, the appearance in an orchestra of a prince of the blood royal merely excited the irreverence of the wits. It is commonly reported of the late Duke of Cambridge, an amateur violinist from whom the present Duke of Edinburgh gets his valuable Stradivarius, that when the genial old prince arrived late at rehearsal he was wont to exclaim, "Pray do not stop for me, gentlemen. I shall soon catch you up." History also narrates that a still more august personage, happily in times more remote, was when, in accordance with the custom of the period, under the influence of the cup that cheers, accustomed to play his viol so unconsciously out of tune, that the exasperated courtiers risked capital punishment and took the liberty to soap the royal fiddle bow. Even in the early days of the Royal Amateur Orchestra there were heartless mortals who asserted that some of the players of stringed instruments had sufficient human foresight to allow the tuning to take place in the band-room. But after many years of constant practice under so painstaking a conductor as Mr. George Mount, and after, be it freely admitted, a very proper weeding of the incompetent and the drones, the Duke of Edinburgh's amateurs have every reason to claim congratulation. Out of a total force of upwards of seventy strings there are not half-a-dozen Professors. Some of the wind are, of course, paid artists, although the fact should not be forgotten that this Society has returned the favour by giving its former first clarinet player to the profession. The Rev. E. Ker-Gray has the bass drum and cymbals, and Mr. Gordon Cleather, manager of the Crystal Palace, and an excellent musician, undertakes the dread responsibility of the huge kettle-drums. The Royal Amateurs, moreover, are not satisfied with standard works, but now launch forth into novelties. Mr. W. G. Cusins' March in honour of the twenty-first birthday of Prince Albert Victor of Wales is not a particularly ambitious piece, and its trio unfortunately recalls that in the March from *Athalie*. But Kalliwoda's first Symphony is a genuine novelty, albeit of comparatively little importance. It was written nearly sixty years ago, before the distinguished violin player had studied under Tomaschek of Prague, and when he was obviously under the influence of Haydn, and particularly of Mozart, to whom the lovely adagio which forms the second movement might be attributed. The slow movement and finale from Mendelssohn's G minor concerto were played by Miss Richter, Mr. Mills and Mdlle. Courtial sang, and the orchestra performed a couple of overtures and some of the ballet music from M. Gounod's *Polyeucte*. To sticklers for chronological accuracy it may have seemed strange to hear a mazurka and a valse included in a "Dance of Venus." But it is only fair to say that this number was the one best appreciated by the Albert Hall audience.

**CARL ROSA SEASON.**—Mr. Carl Rosa now has ready for issue the prospectus of the Drury Lane Opera Season, which will last from April 6 to May 30. The opera-going public will be glad to hear that by a sort of temporary coalition with the Julia Gaylord troupe, several popular favourites who were for many years identified with the Carl Rosa Opera will rejoin their old associates. A strong company therefore includes the names of Mesdames Marie Röze, Valleria, Julius Gaylord, and Burns; Mdlle. Vadini; Misses Etherington, Josephine Vörke, Marion Burton, Walsh, Melling, and Alice Sugden; Messrs. Maas, Packard, Lyall, De Solla, Wilson, B. Davies, Stevens, Barton M'Guckin, Ludwig, Sauvage, Snazelle, Burdon, Hallam, Campbell, and Leslie Croft. The conductors will be Mr. Alberto Randegger and M. Goossens, and Mr. Augustus Harris will superintend the stage production. The operas to be produced are *Méphisto*, for Madame Marie Röze; Mr. Goring Thomas's *Nadescha*, for Madame Alwina Valleria; M. Massenet's *Manon*, for Madame Maria Röze; and Millöcker's *Beggar Student*, for Madame Georgina Burns. The revivals will include Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, for Mesdames Valleria, Burns, and Burton; *Lucia*, for Madame Burns; and *Martha* and Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*, for Madame Alwina Valleria.

"**THE ROSE OF SHARON.**"—Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio was performed at the Albert Hall on Wednesday night, for the first

time under another conductor than the composer. Mr. Barnby had taken infinite pains to make himself fully acquainted with Mr. Mackenzie's ideas and to train the Albert Hall Choir. Indeed, the choristers, so far as exact attention to the minutiae of light and shade and other choral excellencies were concerned, again proved their pre-eminence as an oratorio choir. But the conditions were against the success of the performance. The cast was by no means so strong as at Norwich, London, or Sydenham. No entrepreneur seems yet to be convinced that an English soprano should be engaged for the finest British oratorio of the epoch. Miss Griswold, an American, educated in Paris, has not been trained in our school of oratorio, and her tremulous delivery of British music was on Wednesday rewarded by a reception almost chilling. The defective acoustics of the Albert Hall, doubtless caused by the new velarium, rendered the basses of the choir almost inaudible, and the choruses attending the procession of the Ark have rarely made less effect. The heartiest applause was reserved for the now restored anthem, "Make a Joyful Noise," and for Miss Hilda Wilson's delivery of the contralto solo in the third part. But those who attempt to judge Mr. Mackenzie's masterpiece by the performance on Wednesday will necessarily form an altogether faulty opinion of the merits of the oratorio.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—There have been no novelties at the Popular Concerts. On Saturday (the 90th Popular Concert) Schubert's birthday was commemorated by a performance of his string quartet in C, and other works. On Monday Brahms' sextet in G was performed.—On Monday Gade's *Crusaders* was performed by the Highbury Philharmonic Society; and several other concerts of little public interest have been given. Of Mr. Walter Bache's Liszt concert, on Thursday evening, notice must be reserved.—Two new songs were produced at Mr. John Boosey's Ballad Concert on Wednesday evening, "Can It Be True?" by Moir, and "L'Indovina," by Fanny Puzzi, respectively sung by Mr. Maybrick and Madame Trebelli.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Madame Schumann cannot come to London this spring owing to ill-health. Nor will M. Rubinstein give recitals as reported.—Herr Joachim is expected in London next week.—It is now decided that the performances of French opera at the Gaiety shall be given only thrice weekly. Miss Van Zandt will be the chief artist, and M. Délibes' *Lakmé* the novelty.—On Wednesday those distinguished artists, M. Sainton and Madame Sainton-Dolby, celebrated their silver wedding.—Madame Marie Röze has received from the Committee of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage an illuminated address of thanks for the many benefits she has rendered the institution.—M. Gounod has composed a new (his third) Mass for Easter. It will be performed at St. Eustache, Paris, March 14th.—At the dinner given to him by the Glasgow Society of Musicians last week, Mr. Manns very properly advocated the formation of a School of Music for Scotland.—The Paris Conservatoire this year has 670 students, besides 200 outside pupils. Several of these are, however, students for the stage, and not of music.—Paris, of all cities in the world, is promised to-morrow the first number of a new paper entitled *La Revue Wagnerienne*.—Adolphus Lockwood, the well-known harpist, who has for some time past been in the orchestra of the King of Bavaria, died at Munich, last week, aged forty-six.—It is said that Mendelssohn's *Christus* will be performed during Lent at one of the Sunday services at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks.—Herr Wilhelmj has, it is stated, sold his Guarnerius violin to Professor Zajic of Strassburg, for the large sum of 850/.—M. Eugène d'Albert made his first appearance in Paris on Sunday, at the Colonne Concert, when he played Liszt's piano concerto in E flat.—Madame Albani has returned to London from abroad, and was present at the Albert Hall concert on Wednesday night.



## II.

The article *par excellence* in this month's *Nineteenth Century* is "Imperial Federation," by the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P. Mr. Forster gives a very practical reply to the charge brought against him in *Macmillan* by Mr. John Morley, that he has made no "single recommendation" as to how federation should be brought about. Mr. Forster largely endorses Earl Grey's suggestions as they appeared in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and further adds some apparently very feasible suggestions of his own. Mr. Morley says "Federation is the name for a sentiment, and has, as yet, none of the look of business." Mr. Forster writes, "But it will be said this is mere sentiment. Well, sentiment has ruled the world since the world began; and, moreover, history informs us of this noteworthy fact: that wherever there is a deep and prevailing and powerful national sentiment, there are almost sure to be found strong economical and material grounds in its favour."—Besides Mr. Forster's excellent article, we may call especial attention—in an unusually strong number of the *Nineteenth Century*—to the concluding part of M. Vambéry's answer to the question, "Will Russia Conquer India?" and to Colonel Scott-Moncrieff's instructive paper on "Irrigation in Egypt."

"The Navy Paralysed by Paper" is the title given by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles to an article in the *Fortnightly*, where he discusses the probable effect on this country, in case of war, of the Declaration of Paris of the 16th April, 1856. The heads of this Declaration, to which he most strongly objects are: "(1) Privateering is and remains abolished; (2) The neutral flag covers enemy's merchandise, except contraband of war." Mr. Bowles is of opinion that, under such conditions, the outbreak of war would see the rapid transference of our shipping into neutral hands; that our commercial supremacy would pass away; and that our fleet would be practically useless, having nothing to attack and nothing to defend. He urgently advocates our denunciation of the Declaration, and what he has to say would seem to deserve the weightiest consideration.—Mr. Henry Irving contributes to the same Review "The American Audience," a paper partly dealing with technical matter, and partly evidence of the pleasant impression left on the actor's mind by the people who flocked to see and to hear him.

In the *National* Sir C. Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G., makes "An Appeal to the Conservative Party." His appeal is based on reason and tradition, he thinks, although he himself is not a Conservative. What he wants, and asks Conservatives for, is Home Rule for Ireland. Having stated his arguments plausibly and speciously, he winds up an eloquent pleading with the following piece of advice to the followers of Lord Salisbury: "To my thinking, Conservatism may have a great future in these islands; but assuredly it must be a Conservatism founded on a theory of public duties worthy of statesmen and gentlemen. It must be a Conservatism which scorns to defend abuses, or to pamper sectarian rancour; which, while it insists on the supremacy of law and order, will make sure that the law is just and the order based upon public rights. Such a Conservatism, I think, will admit that for one nation to hold another in habitual subjection is as indefensible in the court of conscience as for one man to make a slave of another; nor will it deny that to keep Ireland perpetually poor and turbulent, in order that England may be prosperous and triumphant, is an assured thing to do."—Mr. George Baden Powell writes a sensible and able paper on "Our National Future," treating of Imperial

Ireland is to the fore in the *Reviews*, for Mr. Justin McCarthy opens the *Contemporary* with "Dublin Castle." This writer in substance says much what Mr. Davitt has said just as well in his "Leaves from My Prison Diary," noticed in another column. He complains that Ireland is ruled by English and Scotch officials, and that Irishmen are tempted from their allegiance to the national cause by the prospect of snug berths which, together with social distinction, Mr. McCarthy says, are bestowed by the Castle on the unpopular. He also is annoyed that the Dublin Castle scandals should have been hushed up, but then the public taste in this country very properly does not permit journalistic disquisition on unsavoury topics.—Mr. Edward E. Russell writes an optimistic article on "The Electoral Future." He is evidently no advocate of proportional representation. "The greatest good," he writes, "that can be got out of our political system, comprising good legislation and the training of good and (political) citizens, will be got by such an electoral basis-machinery as will enable the Democracy most easily and naturally to return strong majorities according to their feelings on public questions. And the Democracy will by such a method be better trained than by any more finikin or subtle system to make public questions to the greatest possible extent the criteria of their votes."

The first article in point of place and of interest in *Macmillan* for February is that by Mr. John Morley on "George Eliot." It is strongly sympathetic, yet of her fiction he says, "As the years go by, we begin to crave more fancy, illusion, enchantment than the quality of her genius allowed." Of herself he writes: "Everything in her aspect and presence was in keeping with the bent of her soul. The deeply-lined, the too-marked and massive features, were united with an air of delicate refinement, which in one way was the more impressive because it seemed to proceed so entirely from within. Nay, the inward beauty would sometimes quite transform the external harshness; there would be moments when the thin hands that entwined themselves in their eagerness, the earnest figure that bowed forward to speak and hear, the deep gaze moving from one face to another with a grave appeal—all these seemed the transparent symbols that showed the presence of a wise benignant soul."

Mrs. A. Edwards' serial, "A Girton Girl," in *Temple Bar*, is amusing reading, and should prove attractive to that portion of humanity which aims at the emancipation of women.—"Coins of the Realm" are verses above the average in beauty and pathos.—There is the usual smartly-written, gossiping review article—this month—on "John Wilson Croker."

In *Belgravia* Mr. Clark Russell's story, "A Strange Voyage," progresses satisfactorily, though the fun is somewhat forced.—Mr. Angelo J. Lewis, in "My First Murder," describes the conduct of a gentleman moved to emulate "The Curate of Churnside," one of the queerest of the queer characters to be met with in Mr. Grant Allen's strange stories.

*Time* shows decided improvement with its change from the ranks of the sixpenny, to those of the shilling magazines. The Rev. C. W. Stubbs writes the opening article on "Homes and Huts," a subject he thoroughly understands. He pleads powerfully for legislation on behalf of the agricultural poor.—Mr. William Sime is the author of the serial, "Cradle and Spade," and the names of the other writers are proof that the contents of *Time* are growing more into harmony with the parable on the cover.

Mr. J. A. Farrer's "Curiosities of Military Discipline," in the *Gentleman's*, is a moral indictment of military service. Conscription is made responsible for Socialism. Socialism, by kindling class antipathies—so Mr. Farrer thinks—may assuage national rivalries.—The serial, "The Unforeseen," by Alice O'Hanlon, does not show much substance; but Mr. Theodore Bent's "A Romance of a Greek Statue," is prettily written.

*Le Livre* opens with a well-written paper, "Les Amours d'Henri IV.," by M. de Lescure. The theme is, perhaps, not one that tends to edification, and is treated more playfully here than it would have been in the *Contemporary Review*, for instance. The ladies of whom M. de Lescure writes are, he says, in their relations with Henri IV., instances "de l'amour qui élève et réjouit la jeunesse, de l'amour qui repose et amollit la virilité, de l'amour qui flétrit et qui tue la vieillesse."—Mr. Charles Pascoe also translates for the benefit of the French reader the article which appeared in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The English Magazine." Otherwise, *Le Livre* maintains its position as a high-class literary review.

*Good Words*, this year, has an additional attraction in a serial by Mr. James Payn, entitled "The Luck of the Darrells."—Mr. W. W. Graham continues his lively descriptions of mountain climbing in the Himalayas, and stoutly denies that danger is incurred by breathing rarefied air at great altitudes. He assuredly ought to know, as he has been more than 20,000 feet nearer the stars than most people.—Mr. F. W. Ford on "Christianity and Secularism" merits attention. His article should be read together with that by Mr. Stubbs in *Time*.

*Merry England* gives us, as a frontispiece, an engraving of Raphael's "Ansiedei Madonna," recently purchased from the Blenheim Collection for the National Gallery.—"An Architect on Architecture," a paper prepared by Mr. G. Aitchison for delivery before the Architectural Association, breathes the spirit of devotion to Art for itself. There is much other good reading in *Merry England*.

The frontispiece in the *Portfolio* is an etching, by Maxime Lalanne, of "A Street in Rouen," interesting as giving us a glimpse of "the old houses characteristic of Rouen, which are now so rapidly disappearing to make way for broad new ways like the modern streets of Paris."—There is a capital etching, too, by Richehton, after Landseer, of "Spaniels of King Charles's Breed,"—Mr. W. J. Loftie's second illustrated paper on "Windsor" will be appreciated by lovers of art and archaeology.

The most noticeable thing in the *Art Journal* is a fine engraving, by J. C. Armytage, after Mr. Orchardson's well-known picture, "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*." Mr. J. S. Hodson has a brief but interesting article on "Modern Processes of Automatic Engraving," with illustrations.

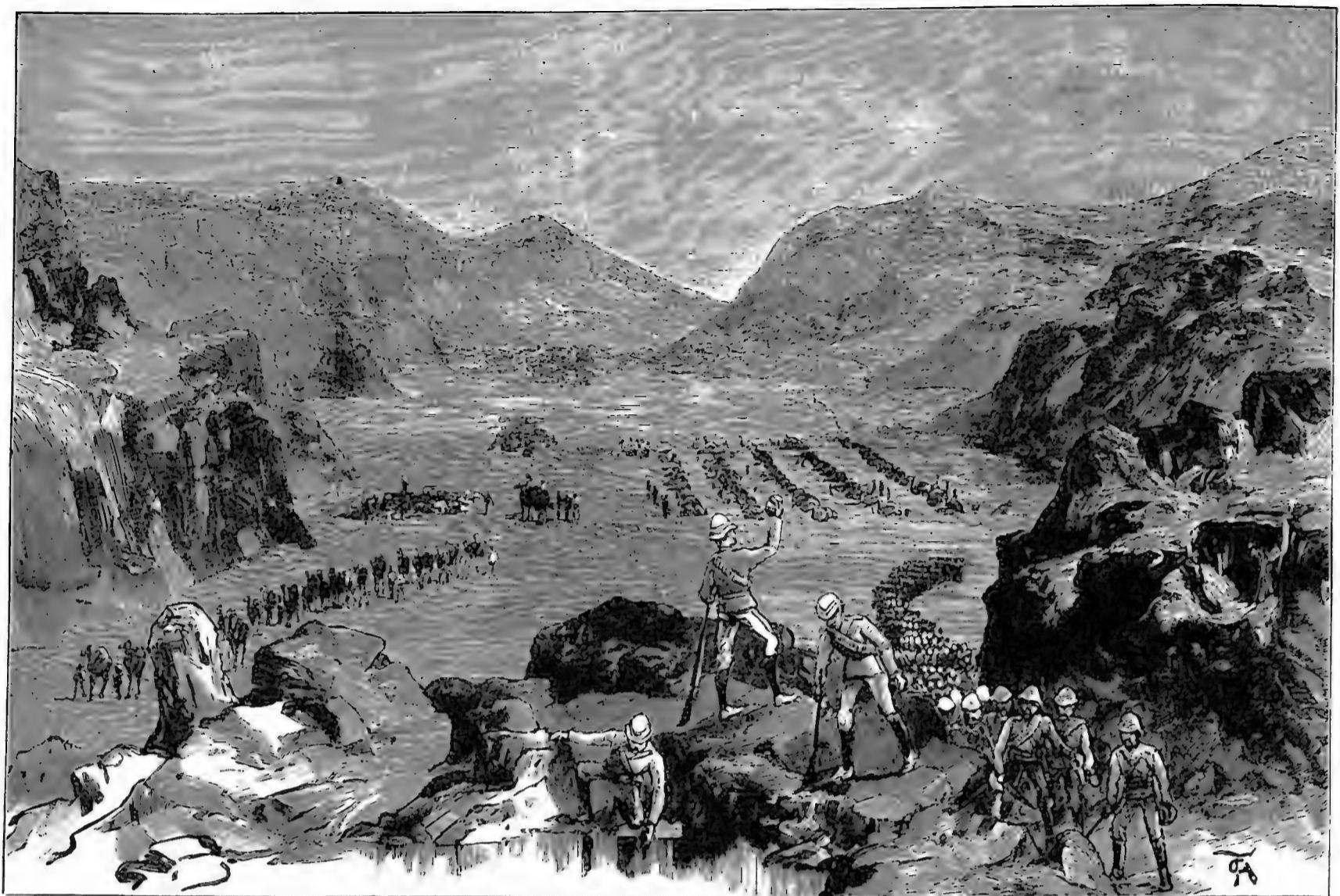


"PRINCESS GEORGE" will be withdrawn at the PRINCE'S Theatre after this evening. The revival of *The School for Scandal*, with Mrs. Langtry in the part of Lady Teazle, is, however, postponed till Tuesday next. Mr. Coghlan will play Charles Surface, Mr. Beerbohm Tree Joseph Surface, Mrs. Arthur Stirling Mrs. Candour, Mr. William Farren Sir Peter, Miss Kate Pattison Lady Sneerwell, Mr. Everill Sir Oliver, Mr. Lin Rayne Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Arthur Wood Crabtree, Mr. Smedley Careless, Mr. E. D. Lyons Moses, and Miss Eva Sothern Maria. This, as will be perceived, is an exceptionally strong cast.

It is already known that Sheridan Knowles's now rather faded play of *The Hunchback* will succeed *Romeo and Juliet* at the LYCEUM. Miss Mary Anderson will play the part of Julia—much loved by ambitious débutantes and amateur ladies who give matinée performances. It is understood that Mr. Terriss will appear as Clifford. No date, however, has yet been fixed for this change in the bill.

Stores

Camel Lines



Entrance to Lower Wells for Animals

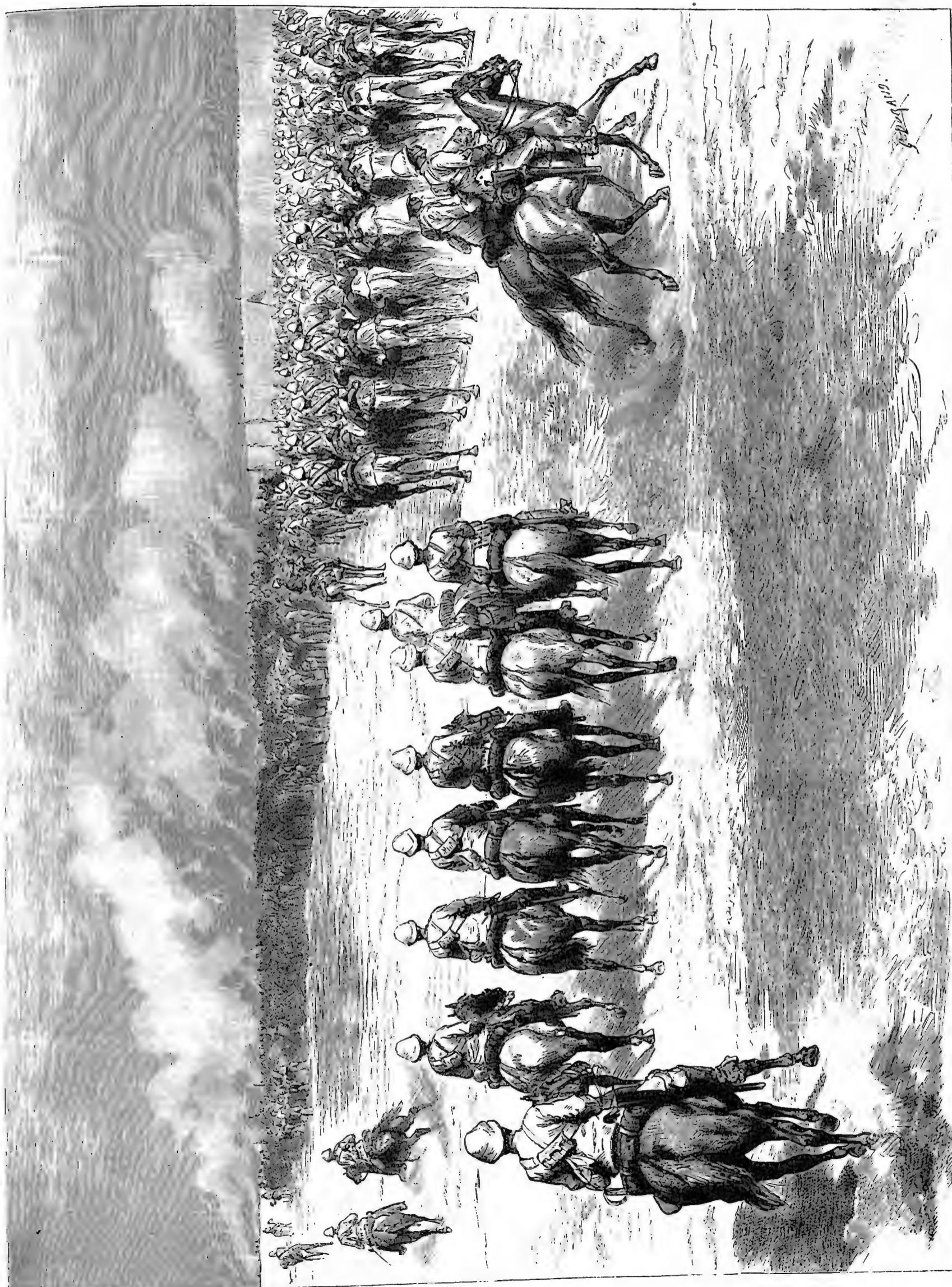
Coming Up for Drinking Water to the Second Pool

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GAKDUL WELLS, OCCUPIED BY SIR HERBERT STEWART ON JAN. 2  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



AT THE GAKDUL WELLS—THE FIRST DRINK FOR THREE DAYS, JAN. 2  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

THE MARCH TO THE GAKDUL WELLS



THE MARCH TO THE GAKDUL. WELLS—SIR HERBERT STEWART'S COLUMN LEAVING KORTI, DECEMBER 30  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

## THE GRAPHIC

During Passion Week Miss Anderson will resign the Lyceum's stage to Madame Modjeska. We may here note that arrangements are now being made for the appearance of Miss Anderson and the whole of the Lyceum company in Paris next summer.

The revival of *Hamlet* at the PRINCESS'S Theatre reached on Thursday last its hundredth representation. Shakespeare is now being played at three leading London theatres, and is, moreover, enjoying a degree of popularity of which past generations of playgoers never dreamed.

Mr. Burnand's *Blue Beard* will be revived to-day at the GAIETY, with Miss E. Farren, Mr. Royce, Miss Broughton, and other members of the regular Gaiety company. It will be played both at the afternoon and evening performance.

*The White Pilgrim*, by Messrs. Herman Merivale and G. A. A'Beckett, a somewhat doleful and purposeless play in verse, yet a work of considerable literary power, is to be revived at a matinée at the OLYMPIC on Monday next. It was originally produced at the Court Theatre eleven years ago.

The first morning performance of *As You Like It* at the ST. JAMES'S will be given this day (Saturday).



WHEAT AND FLOUR PRICES have varied during the past month more materially than they had done in any period since the great fall in value after simultaneous good harvests in England, France, and the United States. The price of English wheat shows a nett advance of 3s. per qr. and 4s. improvement has been quoted in the top price of flour. Foreign wheat, however, is not more than 2s. dearer, and the average on Australian flour does not exceed 2s. per sack, while American and English, both town and country, has only recovered 1s. of its November and December decline. The price of the quatern loaf has gone up one halfpenny in many districts; not in all. The mild weather which set in on the 26th of January has brought a large fleet of overdue grain vessels into port, and supply being now ahead of demand instead of behind it, the markets are beginning to fall, especially for Californian wheat, which is very plentiful, and for English, which has been pressed on sale with an eagerness defeating its own object. The sales of English and foreign wheat during January have each been about 750,000 qrs., in addition to which some 300,000 qrs. of foreign flour have been received, principally from America. The food wants of the month being reckoned at about 2,000,000, reserves will be seen to be reduced by about 200,000 qrs.

FARM WORK is now at its lowest ebb, and the daily wants of stock in byre and pen are the chief care of the agriculturist. Threshings go on steadily, and large deliveries of barley have been poured into the East Anglian markets. Winter tares, autumn rye, and other crops for early spring feed look well, and so does the October and November wheat.

THE FLOCKS AND HERDS.—The fall of Dorset lambs was satisfactory, and the Down lambing season is now progressing favourably. Fat lamb should appear early, and probably with good weight, at the Metropolitan market, which for mutton is now quoting prices nearly twopence per lb. lower than in last January.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL has just issued, for the first time in the annals of English bureaux, an estimate of the average yield of crops in Great Britain, together with an estimate of last year's yield in bulk. Wheat, according to this report, is declared to show an increased average yield per acre, and the Government estimate of the 1884 crop is 29.96 bushels, as compared with the mean of 28.77 bushels. This estimate does little more than repeat that which was given in the *Farmers' Almanac*, published in December, and the Government opinions, appearing as they do months behind all other authorities, will not have much practical influence, except where the other sources of statistical information differ seriously among themselves, which they are getting less and less to do. The Government tables, just published, are headed in a very misleading manner; thus the fine wheat crop of 1884 is made to appear nearly 9 per cent. deficient. Nothing in the table shows that this deficiency is much more than covered by the diminished acreage, the yield per acre being not less but more than formerly. In future years the Privy Council Office will do well to print the table in four columns, showing (1) the acreage, (2) the yield, (3) the year's yield per acre, (4) the average yield per acre. These are the figures really required.

MAIZE having now taken its place among English green crops the cultivation of this great American plant is becoming the subject of a good deal of inquiry in Great Britain. The sowing of maize is watched by rooks and other birds with even more than their customary solicitude for the welfare of the farmer. The big yellow grains are splendidly visible on the dark soil, and the need for a good protective dressing was indicated in this column in December last. An American reader, Dr. Drevar, of Annapolis, having noticed the remark, very kindly writes to say that he has found coal-tar an effectual protection. "To apply; take a small portion of tar on the end of a flat stick and stir it well round amongst the grains of corn in a bucket. At seed-time, if the weather be cold, it will be necessary to heat the grain by throwing hot water over it before applying the tar. After tarring stir in a little gypsum to cover the tar and keep the grains from sticking together. Dry road dust will answer as well, or nearly so. Two bushels of seed per acre gives the best result, sown in drills four feet apart. The grains to be one inch apart in the drill, or twelve grains to the foot. This gives the greatest amount of good fodder to the acre of anything I have tried."

GRASS LANDS.—Convert arable into pasture is the recommendation which more than one authority is now giving to the English farmer, who, however, does not take very kindly to the advice. The great difficulty of English farming in the early days of the Royal Agricultural Society was, according to Philip Pusey and others, the management of grass lands, and there is still the grossest neglect in their general treatment. Although there are numerous instances where pastures both new and old have been greatly improved by the adoption of high-feeding tactics, the attempt to escape the heavy costs of tillage when corn is cheap has been in a great number of cases the cause of farmers being landed in even deeper trouble than before. Large breadths that were sown down after the ruinous summer of 1879 are now bearing nothing but the wild native herbage of the district, and will possibly be converted again to arable, whenever a rise in the value of wheat, barley, or oats may tempt the experiment. Farmers have not yet fully learnt that grass lands require to be manured just as much as ploughed lands. No doubt the pasture has an advantage over the bare fallow in what it obtains from atmospheric sources; but this alone will produce very small results unless manure be added.

ENGLISH ENSILAGE COMMISSION.—The national interest awakened by the recent Ensilage Exhibition at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, where samples from all parts of the kingdom were received at the invitation of Mr. H. Kains-Jackson, has prompted that gentleman to take measures for the formation of an Ensilage Commission. It will meet early in the spring to receive the voluntary evidence of exhibitors and others; and by the courtesy of the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council will sit at

44, Parliament Street, in a room placed at the disposal of Mr. Kains-Jackson by Professor Brown. The recent discussions concerning the best method of applying pressure, on the respective merits of sweet and sour ensilage, &c., show that this inquiry should prove of great benefit to the agricultural community, especially as the recent Royal Commission on general farming and farmers' prospects took place just before ensilage had been brought within the limits of practical English agriculture.



ON MONDAY, John Gilbert Cunningham, alias Dalton, was again charged at the Bow Street Police Office with being concerned in causing the explosion at the Tower on the 24th of January. In addition to the other suspicious circumstances with which the public were previously familiar, it was proved that in a pair of socks among his effects was discovered a detonator, like those found not long ago after the explosions at the London railway stations. He was remanded for a week.

THE GUARD of the train going westward at the time of the explosion in the Gower Street tunnel has identified Cunningham as one of the suspicious persons whom he observed in the spare brake compartment, and who alighted from it at the Gower Street Station when the train was cleared. An Irish-American, suspected of complicity in the recent explosions, has been arrested by the police, and having been brought before a magistrate on Wednesday, is kept under detention pending inquiries.

MRS. WELDON's latest attempt to gratify her amiable desire, recently expressed, to "get at" her husband, has been defeated by Sir James Hannan's refusal to issue a writ of attachment against him as a result of the decree which she obtained in July, 1882, for a restitution of conjugal rights, the Matrimonial Act of last year having abolished proceeding by attachment in such cases. Mrs. Weldon, however, will, it appears, have her costs, and is now suing her husband for 20,000/- damages for the breach of certain agreements, alleged to be made by him before he married her.

THE PROBATE COURT has tried a rather curious will case, on the issue of which depended the validity of a bequest of 50,000/- made to Colonel Steble, M.P., the recently-elected member for Scarborough, and in which Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, formerly Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and now Chief Charity Commissioner, was a witness under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The testatrix, Mrs. Bousfield, was the widow of Colonel Bousfield, many years M.P. for Bath, and her sister was the wife of Colonel Steble. The heir-at-law contested the will on the ground that when she made it, during an illness which speedily terminated in her death, her mind was wandering. There was no charge of undue influence having been exercised by Colonel Steble, to whom the testatrix was much attached. Sir Seymour Fitzgerald was examined, with a view of proving that, though he was seventy, Mrs. Bousfield was engaged to be married to him, and that, as she had left him nothing in her will, she could not have been in a competent state to make one. The jury, however, gave a verdict affirming her competency, and Mr. Justice Butt having refused to allow the heir-at-law his costs out of the estate, he will have to pay the whole costs of the action.

THREE MEDICAL EXPERTS having examined Frederick Marshall, the murderer of Laura Wilson, at Woolwich, and pronounced him insane, Sir William Harcourt issued a warrant for his removal to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, where he is now confined, without having been tried.

AFTER A THREE DAYS' TRIAL at Exeter, the Babbacombe murder case, previously reported in this column, ended in a verdict of Guilty against John Lee, the man-servant of the murdered lady, Miss Keyse. Mr. Justice Manisty pronounced sentence of death. The jury deliberated for forty minutes. Lee's demeanour was very calm, and after the sentence had been pronounced he protested his innocence.

LORD O'HAGAN, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who had for some time been in indifferent health, died in London on Sunday in his seventy-fourth year. The son of a petty Belfast shopkeeper, he worked his way to the Bar, and when only thirty achieved distinction in an official action for libel against Charles Gavan Duffy, whose defence, through the fortunate absence of his leader, Daniel O'Connell, devolved chiefly upon him. Subsequently he was retained for the defence in several important State trials arising out of the Repeal Agitation, and his speech denunciatory of Lord Derby's Government, delivered on behalf of the Phoenix conspirators, procured him from the Liberals, in 1860, the office of Solicitor-General for Ireland, which in the following year he exchanged for that of Attorney-General. In 1862 he was elected Member for Tralee, though opposed by the Nationalists, with whom the moderation of his views had made him unpopular. Raised to the Bench in 1865, he was appointed by Mr. Gladstone, after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, being the first Roman Catholic elevated to that office, and in 1870 he was created a Baron of the United Kingdom. Lord O'Hagan was, of course, a strenuous supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation, in shaping some sections of which he took a principal part, but he was much respected by his Conservative opponents, and in his judicial capacity he was eminently impartial.

## A PLAY ROOM AT THE EAST-END

IT is not long ago since Walter Besant wrote what was deemed an "impossible" story, and set every one who was interested in the social regeneration of the masses wondering whether his dream of the "Palace of Delight" could ever be realised. Since then we have heard of many efforts to make the lives of the poor brighter and less burdensome; we have seen a University settlement arise in the crowded streets of Whitechapel, and Art Exhibitions in the East-End appreciated by throngs who had never before seen or understood what a picture was. But amidst all this, which has brought enthusiastic encouragement from some quarters, and scoffs and sneers from others, we have heard little of any movements on behalf of the juvenile population. Those who remember Angela Messenger's plans for her Palace of Joy will remember that she wanted to begin with three large halls, one of which was to be a dancing-room, which, however, might also be a children's play-room for wet weather. The Palace of Joy has not yet arisen on the lines foreshadowed in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"; but piecemeal efforts have been made, and amongst them is a huge play-room at Stepney, the only one of the kind in all London. Any one alighting at Stepney Station, and wending their steps down the cheerless road immediately to the right under the railway bridge, may have noticed any Tuesday or Friday afternoon in the past year a small knot of children of all sizes, ages, and complexions, and of varying degrees of dirt and shabbiness, collected outside the door of the large Medland Hall, a place serving for entertainments, penny dinners, Sunday School, and concerts. It may be an hour before the appointed time when the first stragglers appear, but the crowd gathers as 4.30 p.m. is at hand, and, spite of wind or cold, waits patiently for the unloosening of the bolts within. Then, what a merry, happy rush! A few, half-frozen, make a dash at the fire, rub and warm their hands and feet a moment, but lose little time in making

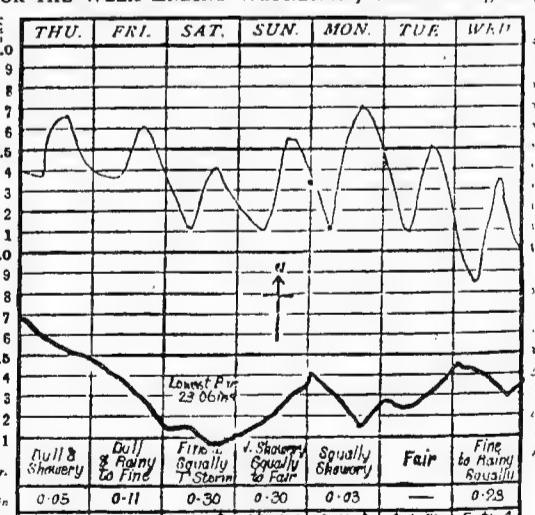
haste to the playthings before them. Some two hundred children pour in, and the brightly-lighted hall echoes and re-echoes with the loud babel of happy young voices, and the clatter and din of rough, heavy boots. All seems confusion and chaos, but before five minutes are over some order and system become apparent. A few ladies and gentlemen who have volunteered their services are dotted about amongst the eager little people, and when these fall to work the real fun begins. One retires to a corner where toys innumerable are stored under lock and key, followed by a crowd of applicants who queue-wise choose in turn their favourite toys; the crowd in the corner diminishes as one after another they disappear to some other part of the hall, and begin to play with their little tin tea services, their bricks, balls, dolls, scrap-books, and what not. Others take possession of each of the half-dozen swings to keep order, and see all get their fair share of the amusement, as well as to help with the swinging. Others, again, take charge of the several rocking-horses, whilst one or two others endeavour to make themselves heard as they tell fairy stories to those gathered around. The scene, as may be imagined, has its comic as well as tragic side, and bid thoughts arise that alternately amuse and sadden. A poor little waif with bare feet and legs whispers a half-frightened request for an old pair of boots and some stockings, for she knows it is against the rules for things to be given away. Her poverty at the moment puts all thought of enjoyment out of her head; but a minute later her turn has come. She is seated on the swing, and a smile involuntarily comes as one sees the black soles of her feet and the grimy legs, with here and there a patch of skin visible, flashing to and fro, with the beaming face and sparkling eyes above, as the swing flies higher and higher. It is amusing and yet saddening, too, again to see the want of confidence sometimes amongst newcomers in the "teachers," as those who amuse are familiarly called. One day, when a magic lantern was being exhibited, continual interruptions occurred from a boy with a painfully shrill whistle. Being told he was not to operate on the instrument again, he said, "All right, missus, I won't." The temptation, however, proved too strong, the whistle sounded again, and was followed by the command, "Now you must give that to me." "No, I shan't; I know yer, yer'll keep it for yerself," was the answer, which no protestations to the contrary would alter until another boy, an old frequenter of the play-room, went bail for the lady, saying, "Oh, yes, Bill, she'll give it to yer; if she says she will, she will." But even then Bill had his doubts, and effected a compromise by saying, "Well, then, let me see where yer put it."

A comparison of the play-room as it is to-day and as it was when first started a year ago goes a long way towards verifying the novelist's assertion that "to cultivate the sense of pleasure is to civilise." Last year these same children had no idea of getting anything to play with save by struggles and scuffles with those they could conquer by main force; they had no other ideas of play than knocking each other about or rolling over one another on the floor. The first time toy bricks were given to them to build with they marched up and down, clapping them together and stamping to keep time, whilst when set to model in clay, they first of all turned out the most ghastly and ridiculous effigies of men, and finally set to work on coffins. Now, after immense efforts in drilling and training, they enjoy themselves in a happier way. The strong know it is useless to trample on the weak, for no good comes of it where all are treated justly and fairly, and the dirty are induced to be clean in order that they may play with the prettiest toys. The home training of these small creatures comes out in various ways, but now for the most part only with the newcomers. A while ago, any child suddenly touched so as to attract its attention would glare round, sometimes scared and shrinking, as if expecting a blow to follow; at others, sullenly and half-defiantly, as if it would strike out in self-defence. Happily the children are now on the best of terms with those who journey to the East End to help to give them their spell of sunshine. There is plenty of scope for the artist and food for thought for the moralist in such a scene as this play-room presents, with its varying type of countenance and form. In some there is all the brightness which health and kind treatment give; in others, there is the pallor of sickly, rickety specimens of the race, who at the best can only grow up weak and weary; in one, there is the eager, imploring look of a Jewish face, prematurely old, and with all the most exaggerated expression of down-trodden humanity; and in another the triumphant, confident look bespeaking home surroundings and prospects, which, to the child at least, are all that could be desired.

E. M. B.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands during the past week has been rough and unsettled generally. These conditions have been due to the approach to our western shores of a series of large and deep depressions from the Atlantic, which, after passing northwards along our western coasts, have finally left our islands, travelling north-easterly. In the mean time, the highest barometrical readings were found over the south-east of France. This distribution of pressure consequently produced southerly and south-westerly winds of considerable strength; over the eastern half of Great Britain they occasionally blew with the force of a gale, while in the south-west and west gales were reported almost daily. Rain fell from day to day at the majority of our stations, but, with the exception of 1.21 inches which was reported from Pembroke on Sunday morning (1st inst.), the amounts were by no means heavy. Frequent intervals, however, of fine spring-like weather occurred between these showers; but during Saturday evening (31st ult.) a sharp thunderstorm was experienced over the south of England, and another on Monday night (2nd inst.), accompanied by hail at Scilly. Temperature has been high for the time of year generally. At the close of the week the above conditions modified somewhat, but no decided change in the weather seemed imminent. The barometer was highest (29.64 inches) on Thursday (29th ult.); lowest (29.06 inches) on Saturday (31st ult.); range, 0.58 inches. Temperature was highest (54°) on Monday (2nd inst.); lowest (28.7) on Wednesday (4th inst.); range, 1.7°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 1.07 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.30 inches on Saturday (31st ult.) and Sunday (1st inst.).

## THE GRAPHIC

"CARNICK'S"  
PEPTONISED (Digested)

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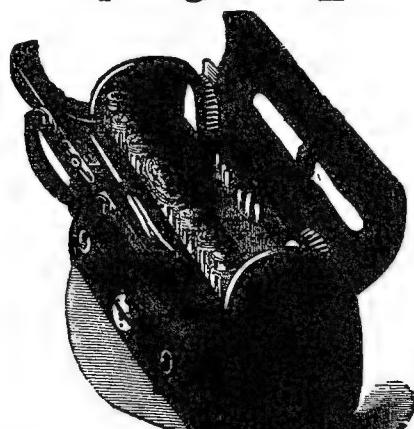
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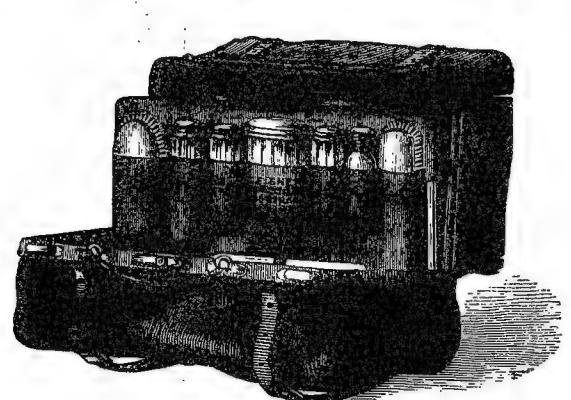
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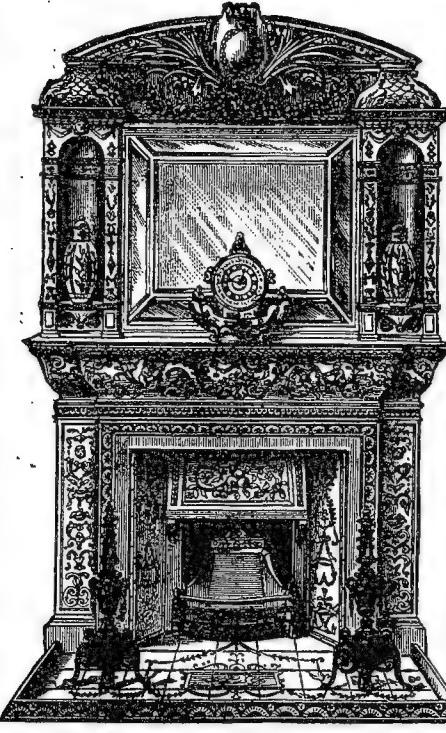
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"On through the moonlight the strange weird throng of men and camels penetrated, halting only at short intervals for stragglers to come up—until half-past eight in the morning. Grazing for the camels there was in plenty, but no water, and no sleep for the men."—*From one of the last Letters of the late Mr. Cameron to the "Standard," dated Korti, Jan. 5.*



DRAWN BY JOSEPH NASH

"Then he took the light from the wall and held it close to Brinkley's eyes."

## MATT: A NOVEL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XI.

BURIED!

IT is not my purpose to describe the interview which took place between my hero and Mr. Monk. Suffice it to say that when the young man again emerged from the gloomy shadows of the dwelling there was a curious smile upon his face, while Mr. Monk, who had followed him to the door, and watched his retreating figure, wore a terrible expression of hatred and fear.

No sooner had he disappeared than Monk left the house also, and, following a footpath through the woods, made straight for William Jones's cottage. Entering unceremoniously he found that worthy seated beside the hearth; without a word he rushed upon him, seized him by the throat, and began pummelling his head upon the wall.

The attack was so sudden that for several minutes William Jones offered no resistance whatever. Indeed, so passive was he, and so violent was the rage of his opponent, that there was every prospect of his head being beaten to a jelly. Presently, however, Monk's fury abating, his unfortunate victim was allowed to pick himself up. He sat and stared before him, while Monk, looking like the Evil One himself, glared savagely in his face.

"You villain! You accursed, treacherous scoundrel!" he said. "Tell me what you've done, or I'll kill you!"

But William Jones was unconscious of having done anything, and he said as much, whereupon Monk's fury seemed about to rise again.

"Mr. Monk," cried William Jones, in terror, "look ye now, tell me what's the matter?"

"I mean you to tell me what you have been hiding from me all these years. Something came ashore with that child—something that might lead to her identity, and you have kept it, thinking to realise money upon it, or to have me in your power. What means it? Speak, or I'll strangle you!"

But William Jones was evidently unable to speak, being perfectly paralysed with fear. Monk stretched forth his hands to seize him again, when the old man, who had been a horrified spectator of all this, suddenly broke in with:

"Look ye, now, I know there was summat. It were a leetle book, stuffed in the front of her frock!"

"A book!" returned Monk, eagerly; "and what did you do with it? Tell me that, you old fool! Did you burn it?"

"Burn it?" exclaimed the other. "No, mister, we don't burn nothin'; William and me. You know where you put it, William dear, in the old place."

"Then curse you for an avaricious old devil," thundered Monk. "The book has been stolen—do you hear!—stolen by that young painter!"

He could say no more, the effect of his words upon William Jones was electrical. He gave one wild shriek, and began tearing at his hair. It now became his turn to moan and rave; and for some time nothing coherent could be got from him.

At length, however, Monk gathered that there was some secret hiding place which Brinkley had discovered.

"I thought his poking and prying meant summat," moaned William Jones. "I fancied, too, I seen marks i' the sand, but I never could find no one near, and I thought they was my own marks. Oh, what will come to me! I'm ruined!"

"Curse your folly!" exclaimed Monk, "you've brought it all on yourself by your own greed, and you don't deserve I should help you; but I will help you! Listen then! It is clear that this young man has possessed himself somehow of your secret and mine. But from what he said to me, I fancy he has not as yet divulged it to a single soul. He is the only human being we have to fear. We must cease to fear him. Do you understand?"

No, William Jones did not understand; so in order to make his meaning clear, Mr. Monk drew him out from the cottage, and whispered something in his ear. William Jones turned as white as death, and began to tremble all over.

"I couldn't do it, sir," he moaned. "Look ye now—I couldn't do it!"

Monk stamped his foot impatiently; then he turned to his frightened victim.

"Listen to me, William Jones. You ought to know by this time that I have both the power and determination to effect my ends. Continue to oppose me, and play the fool, and all that power shall be used against you. Do you hear? I will ruin you! I will hand you over to the authorities as a thief—I will have you tried for concealing the papers which might have proved the identity of the child found washed ashore fifteen years ago! Do you hear?"

Mr. Monk evidently knew the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, for after a little more conversation William Jones, cowering like a frightened child, promised implicit obedience.

"Now, then," said Monk, when he had brought matters to a satisfactory termination, "you will show me this hiding place of yours."

To this William Jones at first objected, but Monk was firm.

"Who knows," said he, "but there may be other things having reference to the child? I mean to see for myself. Now, William Jones."

So William Jones, seeing that resistance would be useless, promised to conduct his friend to the cave; and after a good deal of hesitation and of continued show of unwillingness on William Jones's part, the two men started off.

When they drew near to the cave, William Jones gave a cry, and pointed to the sand. Looking down Monk clearly saw footprints. They followed them, and found that they led right to the mouth of the cave.

"It's standing open!" cried William Jones, as he pointed down with trembling finger.

"Follow me!" said Monk, crawling down into the hole.

As he reached the path below he heard a sharp cry, and looking down saw, by the dim light of a candle stuck in the wall, Brinkley struggling helplessly in the powerful grip of Monk. He had been sprung upon from behind, and was helpless through a sort of garotte.

Horrified and trembling, William Jones was rooted to his place.

Suddenly he saw the young man fall backward lifeless, and, with one last gasp, lie perfectly still. Monk stooped over him, and looked into his face.

"Oh, Mr. Monk!" cried William, "is he—is he——"

"He is dead," was the reply. "So much the better."

As he spoke, he bent down and searched the young man's pockets. His brow blackened, for he did not find what he sought. Then he took the light from the wall, and held it close to Brinkley's eyes.

Satisfied that he did not breathe, he climbed up the path and rejoined his trembling companion. They passed out of the place, hurriedly replaced the trap-door, and piled on sand and stones.

"There!" said Monk, with a wild smile on his deadly pale face.

"He won't trouble either of us again. Come, come!"

And he strode hastily away, followed by William Jones, leaving the young man of the caravan in the subterranean tomb.

## CHAPTER XII.

## WILLIAM JONES IS SERIOUS

THE two men walked together through the darkness as far as the door of William Jones's hut; then they parted. Mr. Monk struck across the sandhills towards his own home, while Jones entered the doorway of his cabin.

He would fain have found that cabin empty, for the memory of that last scene in the cave was still upon him, and made him as nervous as a child. But the old man was there, and wide-awake, and evidently pleased at his son's return.

"Where have you been, William dear?" said he. The question was innocent enough in itself, but it was full of hidden meaning for William Jones.

"Where have I been?" he repeated; "at work to be sure!" The tone of his reply startled the old man. He looked up, and saw to his amazement that William was as white as a ghost, and trembling violently.

"What's the matter, William dear?" he asked eagerly. "Have ye seen a wreck, my son?"

"No, I ain't!" responded his son, violently; "and look ye now, old 'un, you jest be quiet, and let me alone, that's all!"

The old man, knowing his son's temper, did as he was told, and William continued to potter aimlessly about the room. He was certainly trembling very much, and was almost overcome with a nervousness for which he himself could not account. For he was no coward. To get possession of a prize on the high seas he would have faced a storm which might well make brave men tremble, not to mention that he knew that he had on more than one occasion humanely hastened the end of shipwrecked sailors, whom he had found and pillaged on the shore. After these acts he had been able to sleep the sleep of virtue without being haunted by dead men's eyes. But now the case was different. He had not to deal with a victim without friends, a man whose body, described as that of a "shipwrecked mariner," could be buried and forgotten without more ado. In all probability there would this time be a hue and cry, and William Jones trembled lest his share in the ghastly business might ultimately be discovered.

True, he was not actually the culprit, and so, even at the worst, he might escape the gallows—but to a man of his sensitive and affectionate nature the thought of transportation was not pleasant. It was this that made him nervous—this that made him start and tremble at every sound.

Presently a thought struck him.

"Where's Matt?" he asked.

"Don't know, William dear; she ain't been here for hours and hours. Maybe she's on the shore."

"Maybe she is—I'll go and have a look," returned William.

It must not be supposed for a moment that William Jones had become afflicted with a sudden and tender interest in Matt—he merely wanted to get quit of the cabin, that was all, and he saw in this a reasonable excuse for walking out alone. He accordingly made his escape, and went wandering off along the shore.

It was ten o'clock when he returned; he was still pale, and drenched to the skin. The old man was dozing beside the fire, and alone.

"Where's Matt?" asked William again.

"Ain't you seen her, William dear? Well, she ain't here."

William Jones did look a little uneasy this time, and it is but due to him to confess that his uneasiness was caused by Matt's prolonged absence. Erratic as she was in her movements, she had not been accustomed to staying out so late, especially on a night when the rain was pouring, and not a glimmer of star or moon was to be seen.

"Wonder what she's a doin' of?" said William; "suppose I'd best wait up for her. Here, old man, you go to bed, d'ye hear—you ain't wanted anyhow."

The old man accordingly went to bed, and William sat up to await Matt's return. He sat beside the hearth, looked into the smouldering fire, and listened to the rain as it poured down steadily upon the roof. Occasionally he got up, and went to the door; he could see nothing, but he heard the patter of the falling rain, and the low dreary moan of the troubled sea.

Hour after hour passed, and Matt did not come. William Jones began to doze by the fire—then he sank into a heavy sleep.

He awoke with a start, and found that it was broad daylight. The fire was out, the rain had ceased to fall, and the morning sun was creeping in at the windows. He looked around, and saw that he was still alone. He went into Matt's room—it was empty. She had not returned.

He was now filled with a vague uneasiness. He made up a bit of fire, and was about to issue forth again in search of the truant, when all further trouble was saved him—the door opened, and Matt herself appeared.

She seemed almost as much disturbed as William Jones himself. Her face was very pale, her hair wild, her dress in great disorder. She started on seeing him; then, assuming rather a devil-may-care look, she lounged in.

"You're up early, William Jones," she said.

"Yes, I am up early," he replied gruffly; "'cause why?—'cause I ain't been to bed. And where have you been?—jest you tell me that."

"Why—I've been out, of course!" returned the girl defiantly.

"That won't do, Matt," returned William Jones. "Come, you'll jest tell me where you've been. You ain't been out all night for nothing."

The girl gave him a look half of defiance, half of curiosity; then she threw herself down, rather than sat, upon a chair.

"I'm tired, I am," she said; "and hungry, and cold!"

"Will you tell me where you've been, Matt?" cried William Jones, trembling with suspicious alarm.

"Course I will, if you keep quiet," said the girl in answer. "There ain't much to tell neither. I were away along to Pencroes when the heavy rain came on, then I lay down behind a haystack and fell asleep, and when I woke up it was daylight, and I come home."

William Jones looked at her steadfastly and long; then, as if satisfied, he turned away. About an hour later he left the hut and walked along the shore, straining his eyes seaward. But instead of looking steadfastly at one spot, as his custom was, he paused now and again to gaze uneasily about him. At every sound he started and turned pale. In truth, he was becoming a veritable coward—afraid almost of the sound of his own footsteps on the sands.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE CARAVAN DISAPPEARS

SEVERAL days passed away, during which William Jones showed a strange and significant affection for his own fireside. He went out a little in the sunlight; but directly night came he locked and barricaded the door as if against thieves, and declined, on any inducement, to cross the threshold. Even had a three-decker gone ashore in the neighbourhood, he would have thought twice before issuing forth into the dreaded darkness.

For William Jones was genuinely afraid; his hereditary calm of mind was shaken, not so much with horror at a murderous deed, as with consternation that his life-long secret had been discovered by one man, and might, sooner or later, be discovered by others. He did not put implicit faith even in Monk; it was his nature to trust nobody where money was concerned.

As to returning to the cave until he had quite recovered his equanimity, that was out of the question. Even by daylight he avoided the spot with a holy horror. Only in his dreams, which were dark and troubled, did he visit it,—to see the face of the murdered man in the darkness, and the hand of the murdered man pointing at him with cold, decaying finger.

The day after the murder he had been greatly unsettled by a visit from Tim Linney, who demanded news of his master, and said that he had not returned to the caravan all night. Tim seemed greatly troubled, but gave vent to no very violent ebullitions of grief. When he was gone Matt sat by the fireside, and looked long and keenly at William Jones.

"What are you staring at?" cried he, fidgetting uneasily under her gaze.

"Nowt," said Matt; "I were only wondering—"

"Then don't go wondering," exclaimed the good man rather inconsistently. "You mind your own business, and don't be a fool!"

And he turned testily and gazed at the fire. But Matt, whose eyes were full of a curious light, was not to be abashed.

"Ain't you well, William Jones?" she asked.

"I'm well enough,—I am."

"It's queer, ain't it, that the painter chap never come home?"

"How should I know?" growled William. "Maybe he's gone back to where he come from."

"Or maybe he's drowned? Or maybe summat else has happened to him?" suggested Matt.

"Never you mind him, my gal. He's all right, never fear. And if he ain't, it's no affair o' yours, or mine neither. You go along out and play."

Matt went out as directed, and it was some hours before she returned. She found her guardian seated in his old place by the fire, looking at vacancy. He started violently as she entered, and made a clutch at the rude piece of ship's iron which served as a poker.

"Be it you, Matt? Lor', how you startled me! I were—I were—taking a doze."

"I've been up yonder," said Matt.

"Up wheer?"

"Up to the painter chap's cart. He ain't come back; and the man's searchin' for him all up and down the place."

Fortunately it was very dark, so that she could not see the expression of her hearer's face. She walked to the fireplace, and, taking a box of lucifers from a ledge, began to procure a light, with the view of igniting the rushlight fixed to the table. But in a moment William blew out the match, and snatched the box from her.

"What are you doin' of?" he cried. "Wasting the matches, as if they cost nowt. You'll come to the workus, afore you're done."

The days passed, and there was no news of the absent man. Every day Matt went up to the caravan to make inquiries. At last, one afternoon, she returned looking greatly troubled; her eyes were red, too, as if she had been crying.

"What's the matter now?" demanded William, who had left his usual seat and was standing at the door.

"Nowt," said Matt, wiping her eyelids with the back of her hand. "Don't you tell no lies. You've heerd summat? Stop! What's that theer under your arm?"

All at once he had perceived that she carried a large roll of something wrapped in brown paper. He took it from her, and opened it nervously. It was the crayon portrait of herself executed by the defunct artist.

"Who gave you this here?" cried William Jones, trembling more than ever.

"Tim."

"Who's he?"

"Him as come looking arter his master. The painter chap ain't found; and now Tim's goin' away in the cart to tell his friends. And he give me this—my pictur'; he give me it to keep. His master said I were to have it; and I mean to keep it now he's dead!"

William Jones handed back the picture, and seemed relieved, indeed, when it was out of his hands.

"Dead?" he muttered, not meeting Matt's eyes, but looking right out to sea. "Who told you he were dead?"

Matt did not reply, but gazed at William so long and so significantly, that the good man, conscious of her scrutiny, turned and plunged into the darkness of his dwelling.

An hour later a loud voice summoned him forth. He went to the door, and there was Monk of Monkshurst. It was the first time they had met since they parted on the night of the murder. Monk was dressed in a dark summer suit, and looked unusually spick and span.

"Where's the girl?" he cried, after a whispered colloquy of some minutes. "Matt, where are you?"

In answer to the call Matt appeared at the door. No sooner did she perceive Monk than she trembled violently, and went very pale.

"Come here, Matt," he said with an insinuating smile. "See! I've brought something for you—something pretty for you to wear."

As he spoke he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small gold ring, set with turquoise stones. But Matt still trembled, and shrank away.

"I don't want it!—I shan't wear it," she cried.

"Nonsense, Matt!" said Monk. "Why, it's a ring fit for a lady. Come, let me put it on your finger."

So great seemed her agitation, so deep her dread of him, that she could not stir; so that when he approached, laughing, and caught her round the waist, he slipped the ring on her finger before she could resist. But it only remained there a moment. With a quick, sharp cry, she tore herself free, and, taking the ring off, threw it right away from her upon the sand. Then, with a wild gesture of fear and loathing, she rushed into the cottage.

William Jones walked over and picked up the ring, while Monk stood scowling darkly after the fugitive.

"What the devil ails the girl?" cried the latter, with a fierce oath, pocketing the present.

"I dunno. She's never been the same since—since the painter chap went missing. I'm afear'd he turned the gal's head."

"He'll turn no more heads," muttered Monk under his breath; then added aloud and with decision, "There must be an end to this. She must be married to me at once."

"Do you mean it, master? When you spoke on it fust I thought you was joking."

"Then you were a fool for your pains. She's old enough, and bold enough, and vixenish enough; but I'll tame her. I tell you there must be no more delay. My mind's made up, and I'll wait no longer."

Sinking their voices they continued to talk together for some time. Now Matt was crouching close to the threshold, and had heard every word of the above conversation, and much that followed it. When Monk walked away and disappeared, leaving William Jones ruminant at the broken gate, she suddenly reappeared.

Curiously enough all her excitement had departed. Instead of weeping or protesting, she looked at William Jones—and laughed.

Monk had left his horse at the coastguard station. Remounting, he rode rapidly away through the sandhills in the direction of the lake. As he approached the spot of the old encampment, he saw that the caravan had gone.

He rode on thoughtfully till he gained the highway, when he put his horse into a rapid trot. Just before he gained the gate and avenue near to which he had first encountered Brinkley, he saw the caravan before him on the dusty road.

He hesitated for a moment; then hurried rapidly forward, and, arriving close to the vehicle, saw the Irishman's head looking round at him from the driver's seat. He beckoned, and Tim pulled up.

"Has your master returned? I am informed that he has been missing for some days."

Tim shook his head very dolefully.

"No, sor; sora sight have I seen of him for three days and three nights. I'm going back wid the taste and the house, to tell his friends the bad news. Maybe it's making fun of me he is, and I'll find him somewhere on the roal."

"I hope you will," said Monk sympathetically. "I think—it is quite possible he has, as you suggest, wandered homeward. Good-day to you."

So saying, Monk turned off by the gate which they had just reached, and rode away up the avenue.

Tim looked after him till he disappeared. Then the same curious change came over him which had come over Matt after she had been listening to the colloquy between Monk and William Jones.

He laughed!

(To be continued)



"MADAM" (3 vols.: Longman and Co.), is all respects such a work as Mrs. Oliphant has taught us to expect from her pen, and as she appears able to supply, in any quantity, with unfailing regularity. It is distinguished by literary skill and by good arrangement. In short, by all the qualities that constant practice necessarily enables intelligence and industry to acquire. But these novels are an unbroken disappointment, all the same. There was a time when the word "genius" might have been used of Mrs. Oliphant; not unfairly: and, as we cannot possibly assume that genius in her case has ceased to exist, it can only be concluded that she finds its exercise too much trouble, or too much hindrance to the process of manufacture. The result is inevitable. Intelligence, experience, and industry do not avail to keep Mrs. Oliphant from growing duller and duller. Her plot is beaten out over an increasingly disproportionate number of pages: her padding becomes more and more her stock-in-trade. In "Madam" she seems to have tried to see how far she may venture to fill out a given space by means of repetition. As to the story itself, it can only be suitably described as much ado about nothing. It is true the characters pass through a good deal of trouble and misunderstanding, but it is mainly of a kind from which that lost portion of the science of fiction, a little common sense, would have saved them, and all ends so tamely as to make it seem as if Mrs. Oliphant had only laid down her pen because another three volumes had been filled with a sufficient number of words. We will not say that "Madam" is the heaviest of all its author's recent works, but it is not far from being so. Are we never again to have such a drama of passion and character as Mrs. Oliphant has given us, and could no doubt give again if she pleased?

"Ramona," by Helen Jackson (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), is a story exceptionally distinguished by originality and freshness of interest. The scene is laid in California, the period being the dispossession of the Mexican landholders by the American conquerors. An exceedingly powerful part of the novel is that dealing with the barbarous treatment at the hands of the Americans for which the Californian Indians exchanged the no doubt contemptuous but kindly and generous usage of the Mexicans. The sympathies of the authoress are decidedly with the Indian sufferers, and she obviously fails to perceive why civilisation should necessarily be another name for moral corruption, cruelty, and savage extermination. No doubt many of her readers will share her inability to understand this apparent contradiction in terms. Her novel is also admirable as a romantic love story. Her heroine, Ramona, is an especially charming and original creation, and the uncivilised and innocent passion that grows up between her and the equally simple-hearted and high-minded Indian chief, Alessandro, is excellently developed. There is plenty of Southern sun throughout "Ramona," but the heat and light are invariably of the purest kind. The story is best left untold here, as being eminently worth reading for its own sake, and of a kind which, though exceedingly simple, could only be injured by anticipation. Special attention should be called, however, to the variety of characters introduced, from Ramona's imperious protectress to the latter's weak and amiable son, Felipe, in whose name she rules her little world, and to the servants of the ranch, of whom all are sharply individualised without ever losing the characteristics of their race and their local atmosphere.

The title-page of "Double Dealing," by "Tramio" (Gertrude Armitage Southam) (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), announces that its authoress has also written "Gladys, a Frivolous Novel." We have no distinct recollection of "Gladys," but if it was more entitled to description as a frivolous novel than "Double Dealing," it must have been frivolous indeed. It is true that the plot is sufficiently serious, being no other than our friend wherein a young man pretends to be somebody else in order to win the heart of a girl who is prejudiced against him in his own proper person, complicated by that still older friend, the will which makes inheritance conditional upon that particular marriage. For the frivolity the heroine is extensively accountable, she being an utter though unintentional idiot of the slangy order. Probably not even in a novel has a heroine ever before fancied that she would be irretrievably compromised in the eyes of her fiance by a few commonplace letters written at the age of thirteen, and containing only a child's ordinary affectionate messages. Yet these she was anxious to buy back at any price from the rascal who held them over her in *terrorem*: and if the cost had been her happiness, nobody could have said that anybody but herself was to blame. "Tramio" imagines that analysis of character is her forte instead of being very painfully her foible, as it is about on a level with her skill in grammar. Her real forte is a sense of the value of capitals and notes of exclamation as substitutes for ideas.

A novel of some 1,400 pages ought, in order to be readable in these unlesser times, to be very good indeed. "Cassandra" by Mrs. George Corbett (3 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) certainly has not merit enough to excuse the formidable length to which it runs, and might well have stopped midway in the second volume with advantage to the writer as well as to the reader. Yet this must be said for it, that it owes none of its length to padding. Mrs. Corbett's principle of construction is apparently, whenever there seems any risk of her story coming to a natural end, to start a new plot with new characters, without much heed as to its being more than nominally connected with the others. There is, therefore, no reason why the fourteen hundred pages should not have been fourteen thousand, and gratitude is called upon to cover many imperfections which, after all, are of no very great importance. There is certainly plenty of incident, always a compensation for shortcomings in style; there is a fundamental plot, of which the originality may be pleaded as a set-off against its prodigious

absurdity; and there is plenty of justice which must conventionally be termed poetical, one villain being killed off by a mad dog, another by typhus, and two more by a railway accident, though none of these penalties have the remotest connection with their offences. Moreover, there are some scenes that will be considered humorous by those who require their humour to be very plainly labelled, so that to mistake it for anything else is rendered impossible.

"A City Violet," by M. E. Winchester (1 vol.: Seeley and Co.), shows signs of American origin, though not to any marked degree. It is a religious story, explaining and illustrating the "Law of Love," all the principal characters being children who will not strike most readers as having been very faithfully copied from nature, except in their unreformed condition. The plot is a trifle comical, being the remorse of a boy of fourteen for having, as he believes, caused a man's death by a slide of his making, while the catastrophe was really due to a piece of orange peel. Altogether, the tone is unrestrained, but it may do good by means of its obvious sincerity.



ONE of the most original and fascinating works published in recent years is "Leaves from a Prison Diary" (Chapman), by Mr. Michael Davitt, "Founder of the Land League." There is much poetic feeling shown in the dedication of these two volumes to "My pet Blackbird Joe," the share of Mr. Davitt's solitude in Portland Prison from the early part of 1881, and whose affection the political convict succeeded most effectually in obtaining. This author possesses in an eminent degree powers of acute observation, and he appears to have conciliated the good-will of his fellow prisoners as successfully as that of his feathered friend. His analysis of criminal life and character seems to be thorough and accurate, and is calculated to enlighten the public very considerably with reference to the dangerous classes. Readers of the work are fully informed as to the meaning of "snides," "magsmen," "hooks," "coppers," and other terms prominent in the phraseology of thieves. There is much, too, amusing in the narrative given of lives that are largely sad. The Tichborne Claimant Mr. Davitt had opportunities of observing. "His arrival at Dartmoor," remarks the author, "after completing the usual probationary period in Millbank Penitentiary, created unusual excitement among both warders and prisoners, but particularly among the latter. 'Sir Roger' soon became the lion of the place. To fall into exercising file with him on Sunday was esteemed an event to be talked over for a week afterwards by the fortunate convict, who had for once in his life rubbed his skirts against one of England's proud aristocracy. To settle an argument upon any topic, legal, political, or disciplinary, required but the assertion, 'Sir Roger Tichborne says so,' and an immediate acquiescence in the conclusiveness of the facts or opinions advanced was the consequence." In the second volume Mr. Davitt indulges in an attack on Dublin Castle, and the iniquities of landlordism, and here he naturally touches on matters of controversy. In the main his book is intensely interesting; and, grateful for the pleasant and curious reading he has provided, we may regret that one so honest-minded, and so gifted by nature, should have been compelled to spend so many years of his life in a prison cell.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. have issued a new and revised edition of "The Life of Charles Lever," by Mr. W. J. FitzPatrick, F.S.A. This biography has been frequently reviewed before, and the writer of it says that he has followed some of the suggestions of his reviewers. Yet it may be doubted if the arrangement of the matter does not leave something to be desired. There is, perhaps, a too great medley of odds and ends in each chapter. Still we have a host of information about Lever, and an accurate and complete index makes it easy to find any item about the novelist's relations with other literary men. Under this head it is puzzling to understand how he should have resented Thackeray's racy parody on his "O'Malley" style in the verses commencing

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole.

One would prefer Lever to have laughed, and taken the joke of the poem—capital as it is—in good part. Yet the world will be glad to have within its reach a perfect store-house of facts about the author of "Harry Lorrequer." Lever has certainly never been excelled in pictures of a rollicking, reckless military life, and in this department of fictional literature he reigns supreme.

If the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.D., has authenticated the statements of facts made in "Glimpses in the Twilight" (W. Blackwood and Sons), then the whole question of "second sight," "haunted localities," "witchcraft," &c., may be considered settled. He is, however, so strong in his faith and his conviction, and there is so much of a suspicion of the *odium theologicum* in his volume, that the reader may be excused for doubting the author's entire impartiality in the examination of evidence. For instance, he calls the late Mr. Stuart Mill "a personage of huge self-consciousness, and always so well pleased with himself." Mr. Matthew Arnold is "the son of a much over-rated schoolmaster," and Mr. Frederic Harrison is "an accomplished gentleman, who apparently worships himself." Dr. Lee is equally sharp in his denunciations of the reviewers of his "Modern Necromancy." The following quotation is a fair specimen of his daring in assertion:—"Out of the forty-two adventurers enriched with the spoils of the so-called 'Reformation,' and to whom abbey lands were so liberally granted as a bribe for their aid and support by Henry VIII. and his son, eight only, at the present time have representatives in the male line. Upon these eight families, however, various terrible and direct judgments have fallen, while in some notable cases a dark shadow still lies upon their paths." Hard words, at any rate, do not break heads, and they surely give piquancy to Dr. Lee's narrative and gist to the enjoyment of those who revel in tales of the supernatural.

The same firm of publishers have brought out a translation, by Raphaël Lédois de Beaufort, LL.B., from the French of the Rev. Father Didon's work on "The Germans." The author belongs to the order of Preaching Friars, and the Provincial Director of that order has given it his *imprimatur*. "We consider it worthy of publication," and so it seems to be. Father Didon went to Germany with serious motives. "Nowhere," he writes, "during the last century has modern criticism in its bearings upon Christianity been more patiently and more obstinately cultivated (though perhaps not so clearly and successfully as elsewhere) than in the Universities of Germany. This fact led me to direct my attention towards a foreign land—a country *anti-French*." Suppressing his patriotic prejudices the author started for Germany to study the Germans. This he did thoroughly, and although in a short notice it is impossible to give an adequate notion of a book characterised by profound reflection on many subjects, we may remark that he ascribes recent German successes to the concentration of the national attention on science, on discipline, and on moral conduct. The translation has been published appropriately at a time when the currents of German opinion are, in this country, being scanned with more curiosity than is usual.

Swift's weird satire lends itself very well to that quaint style of illustration affected by French artists like M. V. A. Poirson; and, without discredit to M. Gausseron's translation, which is excellent, and has just the old world flavour belonging to the time, we fancy that

"Voyages de Gulliver" (Quantin) will be chiefly valued for its illustrations. These are never gross, though it is hard to avoid grossness in treating of the Yahoos; and many of them, especially the shadowy little cuts which adorn the history of Laputa, are racy in the extreme. The Floating or Flying Isle is admirably rendered; so are all the humours of the Struldbrugs. The costumes of Lilliput (ancient Chinese) are also very clever. The exquisite print and paper are worthy of the publisher; but the book is so badly stitched as to fall to pieces almost as soon as it is touched.

The anxiety excited last year when it was known that British subjects were being confined cruelly by a semi-civilised native Rajah in Sumatra has not so completely passed away that many readers will not be found for Mr. W. Bradley's "The Wreck of the *Nisero* and Our Captivity in Sumatra" (Sampson Low). Mr. Bradley was third engineer of the *Nisero*. He tells his tale of adventure simply and unaffectedly, and gives us a fairly intelligible idea of the inhabitants and scenery of Northern Sumatra. The accommodation in the way of shelter and insufficient food seem to have been among the worst hardships suffered by the seamen. They made some friends among the natives, and the presents that came to them at times from British officials operating in their behalf materially ameliorated their lot. The Dutch seem to have felt much sympathy with our at-last-rescued countrymen, the inhabitants of Aceh subscribing eight hundred guilders in token of their joy at the release. The illustrations, of which there are several, add to the vividness of the story of the captives of Sumatra.

"From Source to Sea" (Charles Griffin), by Mr. Powell James, M.A., is a valuable, well-written treatise on one department of physical geography. The author treats of rivers exclusively. He tells us what they are, what they have done in the past, of their scenery, and of their importance in military and commercial history. Moreover, he has much that is original and striking to say about the etymology of river names. Colour, the tribes on the banks of streams, and plants, are frequently responsible for nomenclature. "From Source to Sea" is a first-rate book for boys, and likely to be instructive, profitable, and agreeable to people of any age, and so to fulfil the author's purpose to impart life and animation to the serious study of the surface of the globe.

Mr. Walter Scott publishes "Tales of Revolution and of Patriotism," by Jane Cowen. The authoress begins with the English Peasants' Revolt, in the reign of Richard II., and ends with an enthusiastic biography of Schamyl. Her accounts of the Polish patriot Kosciusko, and of the Tyrolese hero, Andreas Hofer, are especially spirit-stirring. She is full of enthusiasm for her subject, and if she is not a born historian her work has all the charm derivable from a generous sympathy with causes, which, at least, suffered temporary shipwreck.

The Sunday School Union have published for Messrs. Benjamin Clarke and Frank Beard "The Blackboard in the Sunday School." There can be no doubt that blackboard and chalk are indispensable to the successful teaching of large forms and classes in day schools. The authors aim at impressing Scriptural texts, and so on, upon children by the aid of black and white. For example, two diagrams are given in illustration of Repentance. In No. 1 a boy is walking head downwards on a straight line with his back to a white sun. In No. 2 he obeys the laws of gravity, and cheerfully ambles towards the sun on the other side of the straight line. Whether this method of teaching would work well even in competent hands may be doubtful; but there would surely be grave danger of arousing a flippant and scoffing spirit in the scholars, if every instructor were allowed chalk and the free play of his fancy in the use of symbols. After all, though children are children, they do possess a sense of the ridiculous.

Captain F. C. Morgan, R.A.'s., "Handbook of Artillery Materiel" (William Clowes and Sons) should prove useful to officers who have not had time to go thoroughly into the subject of the frequently recurring changes in artillery. He gives information which will be appreciated by the lay reader also as to gunpowder, projectiles, and breechloaders. It is very handy in form, and especially deserves the careful study of officers of the Auxiliary Forces.

**MINOR BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.**—The success of American reprints, in handy pocketable size and at low prices, such as the works of Howells and Henry James, has been so great, that Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have determined to issue a similar series of the works of popular English authors. The first of these is the Indian Garden Series, of which No. 1 is a little volume, entitled "Chasing a Fortune," and containing several amusing tales and sketches, by Phil. Robinson, the author of "In My Indian Garden." Next on our list come three books on cookery, "Cheap and Choice," a culinary manual for small families with small incomes, by Mrs. Whitcombe (Dean and Son), contains little relishing dishes, combining excellence with economy, and the contents are alphabetically arranged for more convenient reference.—A more comprehensive work is "The Skilful Cook" (S. Low and Co.), by Miss Mary Harrison, in which, after various preliminary chapters on Food and Diet, the Table, How to Cook, and what is frequently omitted. How to Clean Cooking Utensils, there are some 300 pages of useful recipes relating to every department of the table, together with a number of menus which young and inexperienced housekeepers will find exceptionally useful.—Mr. Samuel Hobbs, who styles himself "formerly chef de cuisine to Messrs. Gunter and Co.," also sends us a little volume, containing "One Hundred and Fifty Culinary Dainties for the Epicure, the Invalid, and the Dyspeptic" (Dean and Son). Recipes in this work are somewhat more pretentious, and will be useful to restaurant keepers, or people with well-filled purses.—Many parents will welcome a timely volume, by Mr. A. T. Vanderbilt, entitled "What To Do With Our Girls" (Houlston and Sons). This work will be exceedingly valuable to those families where it is necessary for the daughters or sisters to add to the income or earn a living for themselves. It contains full and authentic information with regard to employment open to women, which may be obtained from Government, official, and other sources. For instance, there is a capital chapter on remunerative investments and businesses for ladies with small capital. There is a list of School Board appointments, salaries, and pensions, together with the information of how posts under the Education Department may be obtained. For those inclined for medical work full details with regard to examinations and hospital work are afforded. The stage is treated more briefly, but no less effectively; while other chapters deal with lady lecturers.—Yet another birthday book has been sent us (Hatchard and Co.), the last containing selections from the letters of the late Princess Alice. This has been compiled by Mr. Charles Ferguson-Davies with especial regard to show in a concise form the beauties of the late Princess's character as daughter, wife, mother, individual, and philanthropist. The little book is well printed, and contains good photographic portrait of the Princess.—Another volume of the same sort is a book of "Thoughts for Every Day in the Year," selected from the writings of the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, M.A. (W. Blackwood). Two clergymen are announced as having compiled the work, and they tell us in the preface that the aim of the author is "to treat theological and other questions bearing upon human life and conduct in a manner at once orthodox and rational."—Those parents whose families are so large that they are at a loss to find new names for their children will welcome the "Pocket Dictionary of a Thousand Christian Names, Masculine and Feminine" (James Hogg); each name has its meaning explained, and the names are arranged in four different ways for ready reference.—James Clarke and Co. publish a similar volume in a more humble form, entitled

"What Shall We Name It?" This contains upwards of two thousand names, with their meanings and their derivations.—Those who delight in such works as "The Battle of Dorking" will enjoy "The Siege of London," by "Posteritas" (Wyman and Sons), in which the misfortunes of England are brought to such a pitch, that "little children lisping at their mother's knees are taught to ask the Supreme Ruler to give England deliverance, and to allow her once more to take her stand as a great and strong nation amongst the nations of the earth."



As the days grow longer and lighter, we perceive that the dark and gloomy winter has set its stamp upon our attire, both for in and out-door wear, and as we may expect several weeks of cold weather to come, in spite of a few mild days now and again with which this month is apt to delude us into the belief that spring is close at hand, it is well to indulge in a supplementary winter outfit which will prove very useful at the commencement of autumn.

There is a pause after the excitement of Christmas and before the spring novelties make their appearance, hence our readers must not complain if our article contains some reiterations.

Having decided upon what prevailing colour to adopt for the pre-Lenten season, all purchases should be made with a view to blending or shading the chosen hue. A short plain skirt of velvet or velveteen makes a very useful foundation for a variety of occasions. Take, for example, a dark ruby velvet skirt, which should be made with a separate lining of thin cashmere of the same colour and shade as the velvet skirt, but at least six inches shorter, on which, with only an interval of an inch between each, a series of buttons should be placed, to which may be fastened the following varieties of flounces. For walking or skating a 1½ band of velvet, with one wide or three narrow strips of fur, dark sable, silver fox, beaver, or chinchilla; the upper dress made of fine serge or cashmere, draped in a point at one side, and caught up at the other with an ornament and loops of thick cord, edged with a band of fur; short fur-trimmed cashmere jacket, with a velvet waistcoat, laced with cord across the front, a handsome gimp ornament on the back of the basque. Very high velvet hat, either trimmed with cords and fur, or large plumes of ostrich feathers.

For an afternoon reception, or dress concert, a flat flounce of Ottoman silk, with a raised design in velvet, cut in deep square battlements, edged with black jet or gold-headed lace. Upper dress of Ottoman and velvet brocade; bonnet, with a high pointed front, of ruby Ottoman silk, covered with gold or jet embroidered net in a high-relief pattern, large *pouf* of ostrich tips, very pale pink, blue, or cream; plain narrow velvet strings tied below the left ear.

For evening or dinner dress, a deep train flounce of pink satin, arranged in a fan-tail at the back, trimmed with alternate flounces of satin and Valenciennes lace, about two inches wide; the petticoat opened on the left side, and the corner turned back to show a pink satin lining, and fastened on the right hip with a lace and ribbon rosette, or a feather aigrette; the vacant space on the under petticoat filled up with lace and satin flounces. The velvet bodice has a long pointed basque at the back, with handsome ornaments on the lappels, a high Medicis ruff of velvet, lined with pink satin and pearl beads; the front has a deep point, and is open almost to the waist over a vest of pink satin, richly embroidered in pearls. This combination costume may be made in emerald green velvet, with salmon, pink, or pale amber, in purple and gold, in dark brown and cream, and, most useful of all, in black, which permits of many variations.

Figured net skirts are very much worn over coloured silk or satin petticoats. This style has led to a revival of the low bodice and short sleeves, with a net over bodice up to the throat. A very pretty and becoming fashion, more especially for thin figures; white lace should only be used for pale colours, whilst black lace is suitable for deep red or yellow.

Some very pretty ball dresses were recently made thus: A series of tulle skirts, one over the other, the top one was thickly dotted over with very tiny gold butterflies; the bodice was of satin, with a basque, deep in the front and back, cut away over the hips; a row of gold butterflies formed a heading to a fringe-like trimming of loops of satin ribbon, which had a very novel effect. Another dress was of the palest pink and silver gauze, trimmed with numerous rows and loops of narrow velvet ribbon, and a pink velvet low bodice; a wreath of pink roses and full foliage came over the left shoulder and across the bodice to the waist; another wreath was carried across the skirt from the waist to the hem. Very stylish and becoming was a ball dress for a young girl. It was composed of pale blue tulle and satin, framed—if we may use the term—in tiny pink roses without foliage. Over a satin petticoat of moonlight blue was a finely-headed drapery of tulle, divided down the front and at the sides with a band of roses, three rows put on quite close; this band was repeated at each side; the back was made with very full puffs and drapery. Corslet bodice of satin, with the front of tulle finely gathered; round the throat a band of roses, edged with lace, carried down the front to the waist; the same trimming formed the sleeves. The hair to be dressed in light puffs on the top of the head, with roses dotted about.

In Paris bodices are worn extremely low, with little or no sleeves; this style will not be allowed at our English Court.

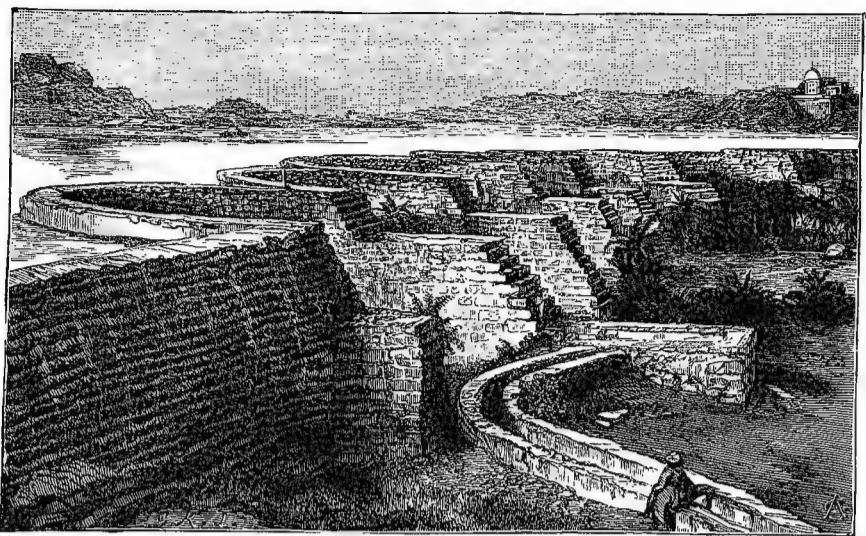
Whilst simple materials are in vogue with unmarried girls, youthful and middle-age matrons vie with each other in richness and costliness of materials and colouring; velvet, plush, brocade, and silk, sometimes all three combined, trimmed with *passementerie*, lace, and embroidery of the most elaborate description; gauze, brocaded with velvet and outlined in gold, are still worn; in fact, nothing very novel has yet made its appearance.

Fancy dress and historical costume balls are in as great favour as ever; the former are far more easy to arrange than the latter; the costumes for the one can be made at home according to taste; the others require strict attention to the minutest details of the period and characters chosen; for real and fancied Art critics are very plentiful in this nineteenth century. The *Révue de la Mode* recently gave a double-page of coloured designs for fancy dresses, which are more than usually dainty and becoming.

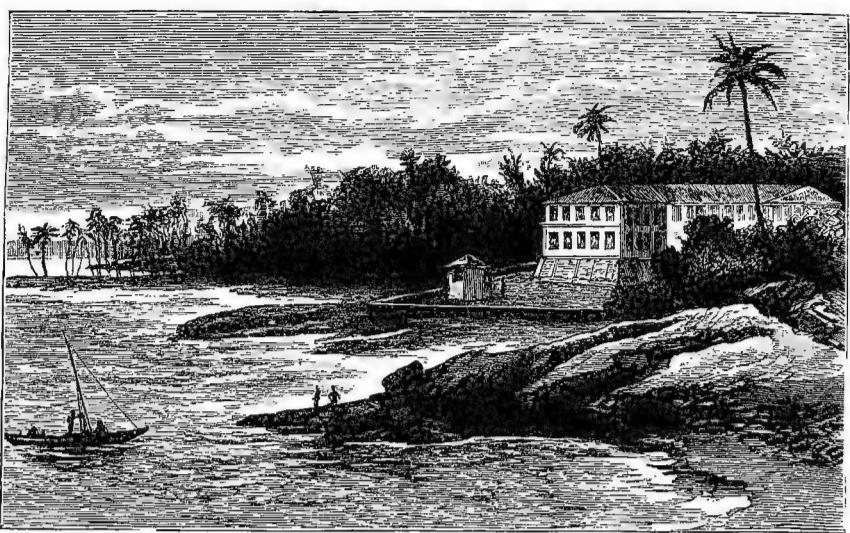
Amongst other welcome revivals may be mentioned the small matador jacket, made either without sleeves, or with long sleeves of velvet and puffs of muslin, laced or strapped with velvet. These jackets are handsomely embroidered, either in gold or colours, and give scope for taste and beauty for Art workers of the day, either amateur or professional; they are very welcome additions to a thin silk or muslin dress on a cold night, especially at the theatre.

Another pretty novelty is a *fichu* of the finest Indian muslin, to be worn over a low dress. It is placed low on the shoulders, crossed over the bodice, and fastened with a ribbon band.

Once again shawls, soft Indian cashmere, are in fashion. In Paris they are worn by a select few personages who know the secret of draping them gracefully in the old style round the shoulders: but there, as in England, they are generally arranged as mantles, trimmed with fur or velvet, looped up here and there with heavy cords and tassels.



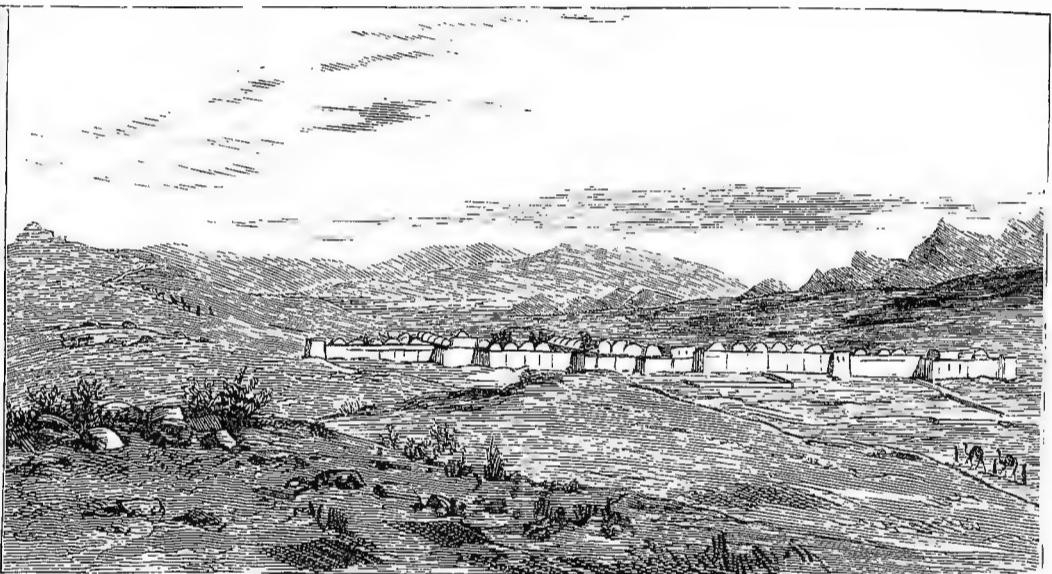
THE MEER ALLUM LAKE, HYDERABAD, INDIA



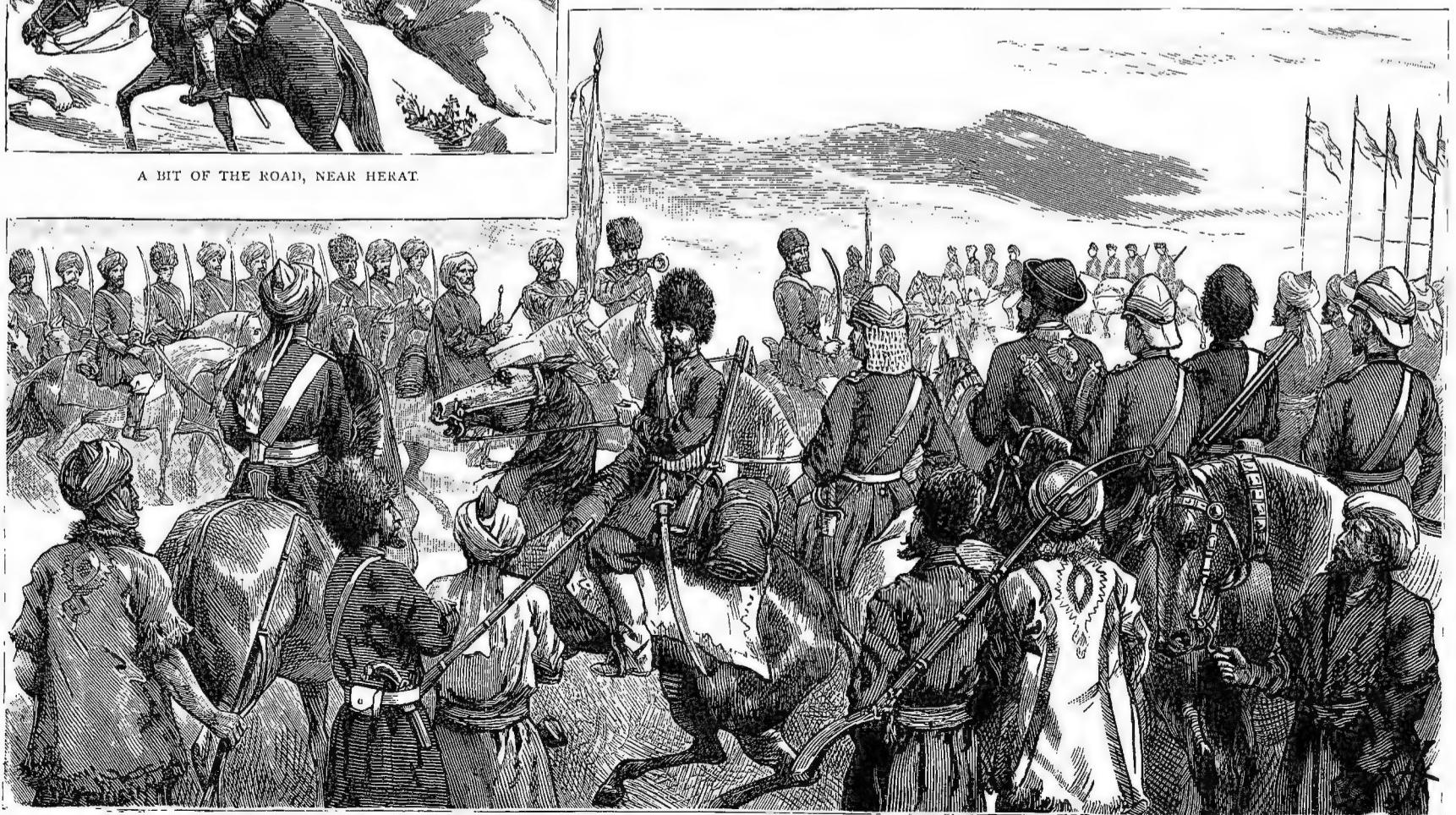
ARABI PASHA'S HOUSE, COLOMBO, CEYLON



A BIT OF THE ROAD, NEAR HERAT.



DISTANT VIEW OF HERAT FROM THE CAMP AT PAHRA



REVIEW OF AFGHAN TROOPS BY COLONEL RIDGEWAY

WITH THE AFGHAN FRONTIER COMMISSION



THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA (SIR MUSTAPHA YAWAR, K.C.M.G.) TALKING TO ONE OF HIS SANDJAKS IN THE MUDIREH  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

## TRICYCLES

ALTHOUGH the tricycle in its present form is of very recent date, investigation shows the idea to have taken practical shape in the year 1766, at which period a professor of Trinity College, Dublin, referred in his lectures to what was evidently a species of tricycle, worked by lever action and by two riders, one of which steered while the other drove the machine. The weight and complex action of this invention, combined with the undue strain on the driver, proved, however, fatal to its popularity. Eleven years afterwards, a smith at Newcastle produced a kind of "tandem," furnished with a saddle for the front rider, and calculated to travel at the rate of six miles an hour, though the principle on which it was worked is not clearly explained. This was followed in 1779 by an invention of two Frenchmen, MM. Blanchard and Masurier, which seems to have been a failure. After a lapse of forty years a description and engraving appeared of a front-steering, lever-action tricycle, of which the rider was represented to be a lady; and the same year (1819) witnessed the production by Mr. Smythe, a Liverpool surveyor, of what he called the "British Facilitator," or "Travelling Car," calculated to combine great hill-climbing power with a speed of eight miles an hour on the level, being further remarkable for the vertical position of the rider, and the possession of a two-speed gear identical in principle with those for which several patents have been recently granted. Twenty years afterwards, in 1839, Mr. Revis, of Cambridge, introduced a machine called the "Aelopodes," calculated (probably by its too-sanguine inventor alone) to go at twenty to thirty miles an hour, and the use of which he even suggested to the Post Office authorities for the conveyance of the cross-country mails. Machines differing from the "Aelopodes" only in certain details of construction were produced about the same time by two gentlemen named Merryweather and Baddeley; but the method of steering and driving, consisting of levers worked by hands and feet simultaneously—the steering being effected by the latter—was identical in all of them.

With one or two unimportant exceptions, the idea fell into abeyance till the year 1860, when the "Rantone," a lever action tricycle of American invention, was imported by Mr. J. Pomeroy Button, of Cheapside, whose advertisement, "The Rantone is coming," stimulated public curiosity for some time previous to its appearance, and secured for it a large sale and temporary popularity. It formed the subject of a clever series of designs by Tenniel in *Punch*, who represented its adventurous rider as following the hounds, and ultimately coming to grief in the midst of a ploughed field "five miles from everywhere." So quickly, however, does the jest of yesterday become the earnest of to-day, that the appearance of a tricyclist at a meet has ceased to occasion surprise.

The introduction into this country from America of the bicycle by Mr. Charles Spencer, in the year 1868 (from whose work on the subject much of the preceding information has been culled), undoubtedly gave a great and lasting stimulus to the whole question of self-propulsion, while the invention in 1870 and the following year by Messrs. Grout and Noble of the spider wheel and of india-rubber tyres and pedals, together with the employment of hollow metal tubing for the framework of machines, gave promise of results undreamt-of in former days. It is clear that the modern tricycle grew directly from the bicycle, being designed to meet the requirements of that large class to whom the latter was unsuited, or who deemed it unsafe. Accordingly, in 1877, Messrs. Haynes and Jefferies produced the earliest of the existing types, which they called "The Coventry Tricycle." It was worked by levers, and was so successful that, although the name and action have been changed, the outline remains the same. Next in point of time came what is technically known as the "Bath chair" pattern, the first example of which was the "Royal Salvo," and was invented by the late James Starley, of Coventry. His "double-driving gear," by which the motive power from the chain wheel is communicated to its companion, has been generally adopted by other makers. The "Salvo" and its numerous copies have the steering wheel in front, and are furnished with one or more safety rods behind, to guard against the risk of a back-fall.

Several machines have the steering-wheel behind, among which are the "Cheylesmore," "Monarch," and "Rucker." Some riders prefer them, but the balance of opinion inclines to the former type as possessing greater advantages, especially in ascending and descending hills, the rear-steerer, from the rider's weight being forward, having a tendency to become uncontrollable during a rapid descent. Another type is known as the "Humber" pattern, from the name of its inventor, of which there are several kinds. In all of them the rider sits astride the bar which connects the large and small wheels, and it can therefore only be used by gentlemen. It possesses advantages on rising ground; but the rider's position down-hill is certainly inferior to the "Salvo" type, where the feet are supported by rests clothed with india-rubber placed behind the steering-wheel; and it is somewhat doubtful if a greatly-increased speed is attained on the level. The framework is nearly always composed of hollow steel tubing, which, in some cases, extends to the crank and axles, although they are frequently solid.

Descriptions of the various methods of driving and steering are easily accessible. What is called the "rack and pinion" mode of steering is almost universally adopted, and a chain revolving on cog-wheels is usually the motive power, though its place is in some cases supplied by a system of clockwork. The safety and comfort of the rider are largely dependent on the brake, of which there are two kinds: the "spoon," mostly used in rear-steerers, which usually acts on the tyres of both driving-wheels; and the "band," which, being of steel lined with leather, passes round the drum of the gear-wheel, and is regulated by a lever handle. A little powdered resin, sprinkled on the drum and used judiciously, considerably increases the power of the brake.

At this point a few words on "gearing" will not be out of place. The chain usually employed for driving a tricycle runs on two cog-wheels, one of which is placed on the axle, the other on the pedal crank. When that on the axle is the larger, the machine is said to be "geared down," which has the effect of causing the crank to revolve slightly faster than the wheels. In "gearing up," the relative size of the cogs and their effect on the crank and axle are precisely the reverse; while in "gearing level," the wheels and cranks revolve at an equal rate of speed. Machines intended for ordinary work are generally geared either level or slightly down, as, while a certain amount of pace may be sacrificed, or at any rate more exertion required to produce it, the labour up-hill is considerably lessened. For racing purposes, on the other hand, they are always geared up; and the riders of such machines, if they have to ascend a hill with more effort, have the pleasure of higher speed with less work—the pedalling being slower—on level roads. Nevertheless, for touring and general use, a machine slightly geared down is probably the best, as it is in hill-climbing that the principal labour of tricycling consists. A two-speed gear, giving one power for the level and another for the ascent of hills, is sometimes used, and, when fully developed, will doubtless form a great improvement.

The framework is either painted and lined, or enamelled plain black, while nickel-plating is employed for the bright parts, including, in some patterns, the spokes. Plain enamel, with as little plating as possible, is to be preferred to paint and much nickel, on account of the greater ease with which it can be kept in good condition. The wheels, cranks, axles, and pedals revolve in bearings, which are either plain or ball; but, although more expensive, the ball are incomparably the best, inasmuch as they reduce the friction to the lowest point, while requiring a very small amount of lubrica-

cation. By this arrangement a number of small steel balls, enclosed in a case, revolve with the wheel or crank, and induce a smoothness over uneven surfaces and a momentum on falling ground which considerably lessen the rider's work; while the "dead point," or "centre"—when the cranks, being at right angles, refuse to move without a touch of the wheels by the hand—is much less likely to occur. It is possible where ball bearings are universal to run on very slightly falling ground for a considerable distance with only an occasional stroke from the rider, where an ordinary machine would require continuous pedalling. They are besides more easily adjustable, so that the rattle inevitable after much use can the more readily be overcome. The bearings require cleaning from time to time, which is best performed by injecting a little paraffin oil, and running the wheel briskly round, when a black, gritty fluid will work out, after which they may be oiled in the usual way.

Much difference of opinion exists among experts as to the treatment of the chain. One view is that it should be left untouched; another that it requires oil; a third that blacklead is preferable; while a fourth authority recommends blacklead mixed with glycerine into a liquid paste. Something, no doubt, depends on the nature of the chain, which is not of one uniform type; but the last-named compound possesses advantages over either oil or blacklead alone, as the former certainly attracts grit, and is liable to soil the clothes, while the latter occasions a disagreeable squeaking noise. The chain requires tightening occasionally, and a guard, sometimes solid, sometimes of wire, and detachable, is usually supplied, and is, indeed, indispensable for ladies' use, from the liability of the dress to become wound up in the chain—a very awkward and even dangerous predicament. The seat pillar is of two kinds, upright, or cranked like the letter L reversed. This second shape admits of the seat being shifted to suit different riders, and is preferable on that account to the straight pattern. The steering and safety handles are almost invariably spade-shaped, and adjustable, like the seat-rod, in height, two or three methods being in use for this purpose.

The pedals, while differing in form, are ordinarily clothed with india-rubber, but as in wet weather these are liable to become slippery, some riders prefer rat-trap—namely, pedals made of steel formed into teeth, which are thought to give a firmer grip, while others use pedal slippers, a patent invention which is highly spoken of. There are numerous kinds of seats and saddles. The balance of opinion is decidedly in favour of the saddle, as giving a higher degree of power to the rider. Some medical authorities have, indeed, deprecated its use, especially by growing lads, as causing an undue strain to the lower part of the body; but if it be made wide enough to admit of being sat on comfortably, and the rider's position so adjusted as not to be too vertical, it need not produce any ill-effects.

A bag, with one or more divisions, carried behind the saddle, in addition to the usual wallet, will be found very useful. This in any case should contain a waterproof saddle-cover, which may be procured at trifling cost, and is invaluable for its protection against damp; and if a great traveller, especially in warm weather, the rider will find the addition of a soft sponge, enclosed in an india-rubber bag, and a small quantity of water and eau-de-Cologne, contained in separate bottles, add materially to his comfort, and be most refreshing during a halt.

The ordinary rule of the road applies to bicycles and tricycles equally with carriages, though, unlike the latter, they are required to carry a light and bell after sunset. Contrary to the earlier forms of the machine, the rotary motion is now almost uniformly adopted, as experience proves that where the feet revolve with the crank, the speed is greater than where, as in the lever action, they move up and down. The makers of the "Omnicycle," however, which may perhaps be taken as the chief representative of the type, retain the latter mode of propulsion; and it is only fair to observe that it is popular with some riders, and that its workmanship is of a high order. The springs most commonly used for tricycle seats and saddles are elliptic and "Arab cradle," formed like the letter S compressed.

Several kinds of double tricycles, or "sociables," as they are appropriately termed, are now manufactured, of which the earliest in date is the "Salvo," and it remains one of the best, especially in steering and brake power, which are of such excellence as hardly to admit of improvement. The "Meteor," "Apollo," "Cheylesmore," and "Premier" are other leading patterns; the last-named being remarkable for an off-side steering arrangement. An increasingly-popular form is the "Tandem," in which the riders are placed one behind the other, while either can steer. In speed, compactness, and resistance to wind, they possess advantages over the side-by-side pattern, but are less favourable for conversation. A certain number are convertible, and can thus be used by either one or two riders. Sociables do not, as a rule, travel so fast as single tricycles, as the riders rarely exert an equal power; but they form a singularly pleasant mode of touring, where the persons using them are in perfect harmony, and are besides peculiarly well adapted for learning on, as the novice, with an experienced companion, can begin with the pedalling alone, proceeding by degrees to the higher mysteries of the steering handle and the brake. The rider's position should be nearly vertical, as greater power can be obtained from the hips, but not too much so, as that involves loss of power, and is besides undesirable for medical reasons.

The adjustment of a seat requires to be slightly lower than a saddle; but, in either case, the proper height may be determined by having the cranks at right angles (a position they should always be made to assume when mounting and dismounting), and trying whether the ball of the foot will reach the lower pedal easily. The arms should be nearly straight, the hands grasping the handles lightly yet firmly, while the body should, as a rule, be erect, without partaking in the motion of the lower limbs. Care should be taken when rounding a corner to avoid turning too short, as, where the machine is a rear-steerer, or one of narrow build, an accident of a serious character might result. Short rises, such as railway and canal bridges, are best taken with a rush, so as to give the cyclist the benefit of the impetus thus obtained; but a slow, steady rate is preferable for long hills, as any attempt to use speed gives no advantage in saving of time, while needlessly exhausting the rider. Leaning back and pressing forward with the feet; rising out of the saddle, and, while using the handles as a support to the body, throwing the whole weight on the pedals, and at very steep places leaning well forward over the front wheel and pulling at the handles, are all good modes of hill-climbing, and may be used either separately or in combination, according to the nature of the road. On a long journey, even assuming them to be practicable, it will be found a saving of labour to dismount and walk up a hill occasionally rather than ride every one in the course. Tram-lines, gullies, and patches of rough road should be crossed obliquely, and at a walking pace, as they are peculiarly liable to strain the machine; while on rising ground much advantage may be gained, where practicable, by steering a zigzag course from side to side, technically called "tacking."

In descending hills the rider should sit well back, having the brake well in hand, not necessarily to check the machine; but it is never wise to go down a strange hill for the first time, or to run suddenly during a descent on to a mass of loose stones, without having it on. It should also be ready for use at short notice when rounding corners, but should always be applied gradually, as the effect on the rider, with some brakes especially, would otherwise be most unpleasant. When first starting, a slight touch with the hand to the driving-wheels is often requisite, but this should always be on the

tyre, never on the spokes, which are not unfrequently loosened, owing to ignorance of this point. Tricycles vary considerably in speed, being obviously much affected by weight, build, and gearing, as well as by the skill of their riders. A popular idea seems prevalent that they are greatly surpassed in this respect by the bicycle; but the latest records of the best tricyclists—Mr. H. J. Webb's ride, for example, of 100 miles on the road in 7 hr. 35 min., and on the cinder path of two miles in 6 min. 26.5 sec.—do not support this notion; while it is remarkable that if bicyclists pass the rider of a first-class tricycle on the road they rarely get quite away from him, as they certainly would if the impression were correct. It may be questioned, moreover, whether cyclists generally are not sometimes deceived as to their actual pace by the exhilarating motion, unless closely checked by the stop-watch or cyclometer; imagining themselves to be going twelve, when in reality they are not doing more than ten miles an hour. A mania, much encouraged by manufacturers, at present exists among members of different clubs for record-making and record-breaking, which will probably only cease when some eminent cyclist has conclusively proved the capacity of his machine and himself to accomplish an unheard-of-distance in half a second less time than any of his competitors, and sacrificed his life or his health in the attempt. Meanwhile, the ordinary tourist will do well to refrain from imagining himself to be either a race-horse or a railway train: resting satisfied with seven or eight miles an hour as his average pace, which he will find quite fast enough to enjoy the scenes through which he is passing, and being amply content with the ability to obtain ten or twelve if the necessity should arise. It will further much assist him if he makes it a rule to reserve his pace-making for level roads and falling ground, adopting a slow and steady rate for hills; no real advantage accruing from a neglect of this suggestion. Horses form at present one of his greatest obstacles, as they are very liable to manifest alarm at his approach. The law obliges him to stop and alight if requested to do so, but if he will slacken speed and speak encouragingly to the animal it will generally prove sufficient.

The worst obstacle of all, however, is a strong head wind, and it is to be feared that will hardly be quite overcome, except, possibly, by some great and still future improvement in the gearing of machines. The question of diet in connection with touring must necessarily vary with individuals; but it may, perhaps, safely be asserted that a heavy meal is best reserved for the journey's end, and that during its progress semi-fluid nourishment in the form of milk, with either a spoonful of oat-meal or a raw egg added, will be found to give the greatest staying power.

Opinion seems unanimous as to the desirability of woollen, in distinction to linen, for all parts of tricycling costume, and for either sex. Much of the now happily disappearing prejudice against ladies' use of the machine arose partly from their not realising that a special style of dress was requisite, as much so as for riding or lawn-tennis, and partly from an ill-adjusted saddle.

A little work entitled "Tricycling for Ladies," written by Miss Erskine, and published by Messrs. Iliffe, of Fleet Street, at the nominal price of sixpence, has just been issued, which has been made some use of in this article, and is full of most valuable and practical information on the subject. In conclusion, it may be observed that tricycling can now fairly claim a place among ordinary means of locomotion. It is a most valuable invention, whose results must infallibly be to strengthen the bodies, enlarge the minds, and widen the sympathies of all who use it aright.

C. G. B.



C. JEFFERYS.—A pretty little love song for a soprano is "Again," with English and Italian words by G. W. Southeby, music by Grace M. Hine.—By the same composer are two pleasing pieces for the pianoforte, "The Sylvan Stream" and "Anita," also a danceable polka entitled "The Helena."—Classical students of the pianoforte will be glad to meet with "Deuxième Sonate Romantique," by Eugen Woycke.

MESSRS. BRISCOE AND TREE.—Charming music and words are united in "Evening Thoughts," written and composed by J. Willmote Page and Arthur Briscoe; published in F and in G.—"Danse Elegante" is a dainty little piece for the pianoforte, by Alberto Kessler.—"Love's Evensong" is a pretty valse, arranged by Maurice Moser upon Arthur Briscoe's popular song which bears that name.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—One of Mr. J. Barnby's latest successes is a song entitled "Day-Break," the sweet poetry by Victor Hugo; it is published in three keys, but only a male voice should attempt to sing the tender words addressed to his lady love.—A pleasing song for a soprano is "Lessons Sweet of Spring Returning," written and composed by Keble and Maria E. H. Stisted.—We are accustomed to associate J. Hoffman's name with elaborate and difficult music, but that he can write simple and easy music is shown by a series of "Drawing-Room Pieces," of which we have before us No. III., "The Amazon," which is bright and tuneful, and safe to be encored if well played. The same may be said of "Ball Scenes," five very good and playable specimens of dance music by the above composer.—"In the Ranks Quadrilles," arranged on airs from this highly-popular drama, will prove agreeable additions to the dance music portfolio.

MESSRS. AMBROSE AND CO.—A song which will somewhat alarm timid people is "The Knights of the Road," written and composed by Mr. C. Gillington and Everard Hulton for a bass-voice. It is spirited, and will take well at a musical reading as an encore song.—"His Ship" is a taking ballad for a soprano, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and S. Emily Oldham.—Both words and music of "A Sunset Hour" are good, the former by Susan K. Phillips, the latter by M. Krohn. The compass is from C below the lines to E on the fourth space.—Simple as its title would suggest is "Country Maidens' Valse," by Katherine Grace.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three love songs which will find many warm admirers are respectively "Come Again," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Mrs. Arthur Goodeve (Messrs. Hutchings and Co.)—"Love's Paradise," a somewhat gushing poem by J. W. Wearne, set to music by J. A. Chantier (The London Music Publishing and General Agency Company), and "Love's Banishment," written and composed by M. F. Fendall and W. Harold; the words are quaint and original (Joseph Williams).—Messrs. H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone, and Alfred Physick have produced a song out of the common groove entitled "Church Mice," which has already made its mark, and pleases wherever it is sung (Messrs. Playfair and Co.)—Four fairly good specimens of dance music are "Sincérité Valse," by M. L. Stevens (Messrs. S. Hermitage and Sons), "Crème de la Crème Valse" and "Little Cherub Polka," by Charles Godfrey, and "The Private Secretary Valse," by W. Corri, jun. (Alfred Hays).—"A Night's Fun With the Children" is a most amusing little volume, which will produce ringing shouts of laughter in the nursery and schoolroom. It contains marches, humorous songs, dance music of every description, games with and without music, conundrums, puzzles, enigmas, &c., and is certainly the best and most comprehensive shilling's-worth that has been produced this season (David Swan, Glasgow).

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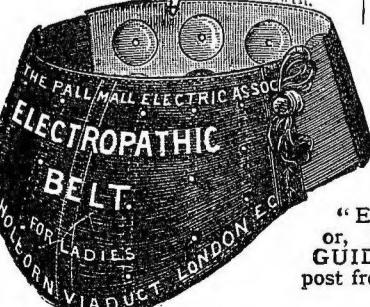
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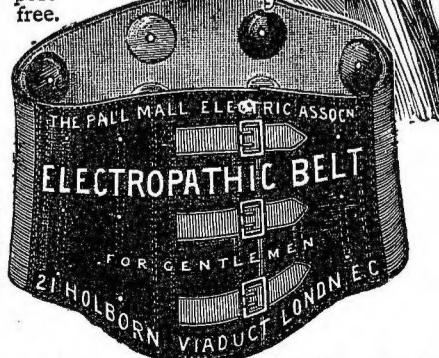
From Mr. W. A. SMITH, 6, Exeter Street, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, Oct. 23, 1884.—"I am heartily thankful that I ever consulted you for advice with regard to my advanced stage of Nervous Debility. I do not feel like the same man I did previous to wearing your Electro-pathic Appliances. I am more fitted for business, for study, and better able to converse than ever before. I have every confidence in the Electro-pathic Belt, &c. You can give publicity to this if you wish."

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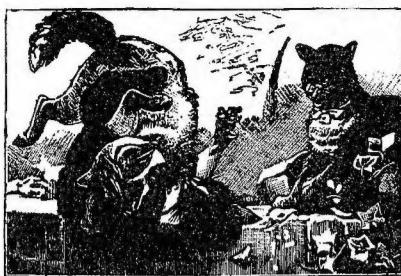
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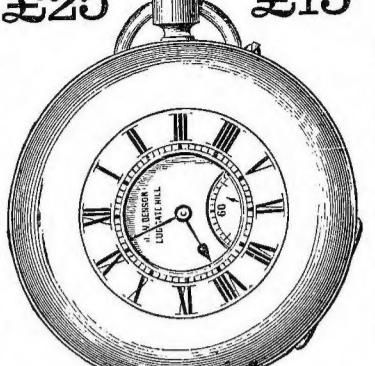
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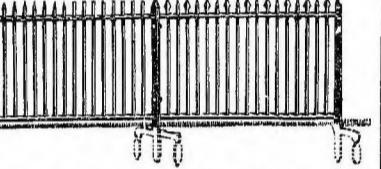
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